THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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YANKED IT DOWN.

Irish Nationalists Resent the Insult Offered to Their Race by the Flying of the British Flag Over Blarney Castle.

The Uncalled-For Action of the Aberdeens and Mrs. White Vigorously Rebuked.

[*Chicago Herald, Oct. 20.*]

Proud England's flag was twice torn from the battlements of Blarney Castle yesterday afternoon while Lord and Lady Aberdeen were holding a reception in the Irish Village. Not only was the flag doubly humiliated, but to the insult was added robbery, the daring perpetrator of the affront making his disappearance simultaneously with that of the precious piece of bunting. Within an hour after a new flag had been floated from the castle's walls another still more daring attempt was made to carry it away, in the presence of at least fifty visitors and a Columbian guard detailed especially to watch the flag.

The reception at which his lordship and Lady Aberdeen were presiding was the first official function given by them since their arrival in the city last Saturday. Many distinguished guests were present at the reception, the band was playing "God Save the Queen" and the village was filled to overflowing with visitors. Lord Aberdeen, from the quaint little windows of Lyre na Grena Cottage in which the reception was being held, could look out and see the British Jack snapping bravely in the breeze. It had been there since last Saturday, and, like any loyal Briton, his lordship was highly gratified at the sight. He turned from the window to extend his hand to a guest. Then he looked out of the window once more. He saw a man grasp the halyard and give it a vicious jerk that brought the flag down into his hands. Then the man disappeared and the flag went with him. Lord Aberdeen's pale face flushed. He turned nervously to Mrs. Peter White and in low tones told her what he had witnessed. Mrs. White quietly left the room and a minute later had a dozen employes in search of a new flag.

Within half an hour the English Jack was once more flying, and Lord Aberdeen was in his usual gracious mood. He stepped to the window. The flag was still there. A shake of his distinguished hand was demanded by a guest, and his lordship left his post of observation. When he found time he took another peep through the window at the southeast corner of Blarney Castle. He looked twice with his brows contracted, and then adjusted his eyeglasses.

The flag was not there. The pole was as bare as a buggy whip. From its peak a piece of rope six feet long dangled and that was all.

This last disappearance of the flag could not be kept quiet among the guests. Several of them noted its absence and began to ask questions. Mrs. Peter White, with ready wit, explained about the rope breaking, and dismissed the subject with a view of relieving Lord Aberdeen of embarrassment. It was a different matter altogether outside of the cottage. Probably a thousand visitors in the village saw the flag receive its first humiliation. Before they were through discussing the incident they gaped with astonishment to see the emblem of England's pride come fluttering down again and go flying over the castle wall like a bundle of old clothes.

Upon the top of the castle a little boy is employed to watch the Blarney stone and collect the price of a kiss on its rough side from visitors. He was busy about 4 o'clock and saw nothing strange in the actions of a short, heavy-set man who stood at the foot of the flagstaff and fumbled with the rope. The man's back was turned toward the crowd on the roof of the castle and half a dozen men crowded about him as if seeking to shield him from the eyes of the curious.

Suddenly the flag dropped from its staff. It fell into the hands of the man, who quickly rolled it into a bundle and ran to the west side of the roof. There he paused, and, taking deliberate aim, threw the bundle of bunting over the edge of the castle as far as he could, watching its flight to the ground as though expecting a confederate to catch it. The blarney stone boy gave a yell of surprise, and the man disappeared down the winding stairway like a flash. The men who had been grouped about him at the flagstaff followed leisurely down the narrow stairs, thus blocking any attempt at pursuit. Of this there was no danger, as the flag had not been supposed to be in any peril

When the second flag was run up, however, a Columbian guard was on duty, with instructions to arrest any man found tampering with the halyards. Guard King watched the flag with all the care an old hen gives her chickens. For nearly an hour he stood beneath the British flag until his knees began to shake with weariness. Then he concluded to take just a few steps across the roof and back again to relax the muscles of his legs. He walked as far as the Blarney stone, and a pretty girl smiled at him. He paused, and then, true to his trust, faced about. To his astonishment he saw the flag had disappeared from the pole and that a man was making away with it as fast as he could towards the west edge of the roof.

Fifty persons were between Guard King and the flag thief, and capture was impossible. The thief heaved the flag over the edge of the roof in precisely the same manner as before, and then disappeared down the stairs. Guard King ran to the spot and saw the flag lying on the roof of one of the sheds inside the village fence, and calling to one of his comrades below told him to watch the spot until the flag could be recovered.

When after much trouble the flag was obtained an unforeseen complication arose. The thief in tearing down the flag cut the rope and there was no means of running the colors up on the same pole. Mrs. Peter White solved the difficulty. On the northeast corner of the castle the Stars and Stripes are waving. They were taken down to make room for the bonny flag of England, and all was merry once more at Lord Aberdeen's reception.

Guard King was very much crestfallen last night over the imputation of neglect of his duty. "I would give half of my month's salary," he said, "to catch the man who stole the flag. It was simply impossible for me to get near enough to arrest him. The roof was so crowded with visitors, and I failed to see the man's face. He was well dressed, and if it was possible to judge a man by looking at his back I should say he was an Irishman. I am pretty sure he was in company with several friends, for I afterward heard some men talking about the flag and saying that it ought to be pulled down. Mrs. White was very angry, and I am afraid she thought I was careless, but if she does she is mistaken."

Every effort was put forth last night to suppress the flag incident. Lord Aberdeen was particularly desirous that no publicity should be given the matter. His position as viceroy general of Canada makes the insult to the flag especially aggravating, since his political opponents, in his opinion, will seek to profit thereby. Last night another Columbian guard was on duty on the roof of Blarney Castle. The English Jack floated where once the Stars and Stripes waved. When the gates of the Irish Village closed the flag was still there.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

MARSHAL MAC MAHON.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

Marshal MacMahon was, perhaps, during recent years, the most picturesque military figure in France. His reverses in the Franco-German campaign—which were due to the stupid interference of the Emperor with his plans—were forgotten in the brilliant triumphs of his early career. While Gallifet has the reputation of being the best cavalry officer in Europe, MacMahon was acknowledged on all sides to be the bravest and most intrepid soldier of the day. He always fought in the forefront of his squadrons on the battlefield. He rode at the head of his troops to capture the tower of Malakoff, and cared no more for the bullets that were whistling around him than he would for so many showers of *confetti* at a Roman carnival. A French author, Captain Dubois, speaking of his characteristics, observed: "He knew grief and sorrow, he was intimately acquainted with almost all the sensations of the human heart, but there was one sensation he never knew, and that was fear. I fought under him in the Algerian and Italian campaigns, and have never seen his hand tremble or his face grow pale in the thickest of the fight." The late Marshal was in his military capacity, gifted by nature with something more than moral and physical bravery. He was a strategist of a very superior type. It was, by masterly direction of the movements of his troops that he turned a probable defeat into a victory on the battlefield of Magenta.

Very few soldiers are orators. MacMahon was not one of the few. He never cared to speak in public unless duty compelled him. His one great effort of eloquence was made in the French senate on the 25th of February, 1858, when, consequent on the Orsini conspiracy against Napoleon III, a despotic measure suppressing the liberties of the people was introduced into that assembly by the French government. On that occasion MacMahon defended in a most impassioned speech the rights and privileges of the people, and opposed the bill on the ground that it violated not only the constitution, but also the immortal principles of the Declaration of the Rights of Man. MacMahon was the only senator who condemned this coercive measure. All his colleagues, whipped into line by the Emperor, voted for it. Speaking with the Marshal a few days afterwards, the "Man of Destiny" reproached him with his opposition.

"I have only done my duty, sire. I had no choice but to support the cause of liberty. My loyalty to freedom has stronger claims on me than my loyalty to your majesty."

Napoleon III grew restive under the lash of this daring criticism; but he nevertheless admired the frank and candid avowal of the Marshal. On another occasion—it was after the victory of Magenta—when MacMahon was created a peer of the realm, and given the title of the Duc de Magenta, Napoleon III was surprised that he showed no very demonstrative feelings of joy over the new honor conferred upon him.

"Why should I?" he responded. "A man with the blood of Irish kings in his veins cannot regard the honor of a dukedom as a bauble over which he could feel any decided enthusiasm."

MacMahon was very proud of his Irish origin. When during the closing years of his life he used to be complimented on his robust health, he would say:

"I owe it to my Irish ancestors. They had sinews of oak and frames of iron. I may thank them for my strength and vitality."

He would have gone to Ireland in person with the Count de Flavigny and other members of the French deputation in 1872 to thank the Irish people for their support of the French throughout the ill-starred Franco-Prussian campaign, were it not that the wound which he had received at the battle of Sedan was giving him much trouble at the time, and incapacitated him from travel. His place, however, was well filled by his son, Patrice, who was hailed with the utmost enthusiasm in Dublin, and other Irish cities. I might add right here that when MacMahon's son was recently married, he took his bonnie bride to the land of his ancestors, where they spent the honeymoon in Killarney and Thomond—the latter barony being, as your readers are aware, the cradle of the valiant and knightly MacMahons. MacMahon's wife, the Duchess of Magenta, shared her husband's Irish sympathies. I was present in the Madeleine church, Paris, one Sunday in the spring of 1879, when Pere Monsabre, the illustrious pulpit orator, preached a sermon in aid of the victims of the Irish famime of that year. One of the lady collectors or *quetteuses*, who had volunteered to act on that occasion, was the Duchess on whose silver plate the golden *louis d'or* of sympathizing French ladies and gentlemen rained with a profusion truly admirable.

Marshal MacMahon's chief characteristic through life was an unbending devotion to duty. One evening, when he was president of the Republic, he was discussing in the library of the Elysee with several intimate friends a passage in the "Memoirs of Marmont," in which it was observed that a man never suffers such cruel anguish as when he has got to decide between duty and honor.

"Marmont is mistaken," exclaimed MacMahon. "It never happens—it never could happen that there is any contradiction between honor and duty. A man, who does his duty, can not under any circumstances be false to his honor!" This striking phrase is the key to the Marshal's character. He was the soul of chivalry He may have had his defects, as who has not? Yet no microscope could ever detect the slightest blot or stain on his glorious escutcheon.

I cannot more appropriately conclude this brief paper than by reproducing the following picture of the old warrior, which, I believe, is from the graphic pen of the late John Mitchel, written when he was acting as Paris correspondent of the Dublin *Irishman*: "His height is not remarkable, but that body, all steel and iron, is made for the march, for the camp, for the charge. His countenance is calm and mild as the green valleys of his own ancestral island, and the energy of his mind never banishes the serenity of his visage behind its veil of an undefined sadness. His eyes are well-set, his glance is bright and thoughtful, his moustaches fall carelessly over his lips after the fashion common among the old *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. His face is open and frank, his attitude is at once noble and modest; there is about him that indescribable air of aristocratic carelessness that bespeaks the gentleman grown old in the camp. He loves not the world of fashion; he cares little for politics, and, I believe, he would sooner mount to the assault of a battery than ascend the parliamentary tribune. His tribune you will find in the tower of Malakoff, whence he speaks to the Russians from the rifle's mouth, or at Kabyl from whence he chases the Arab ambush, or in the breaches of Antwerp and Constantine."

The Irish Bag Pipes.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Oct. 22.—As a constant reader of your valuable paper, I was more than pleased on reading the article entitled "The Irish Bag Pipes," written by Mr. John Ennis. I wish to add another name to the list of famous bag pipers in Chicago. I refer to Mr. John K. Beatty, an Irish piper without a peer in this World's Fair City, a musical composer of no mean ability, and a gentleman who has done as much, if not more, to bring the Irish music up to its present high standard than any other bard in our midst. Kindly insert this and oblige

A LOVER OF IRISH MELODIES.

Remington Bros.' Newspaper Manual, 1893.

We have received the seventh annual edition of the Newspaper Manual of Remington Bros., of Pittsburg, Pa., and New York city. The Manual appears in a greatly enlarged form, and is now one of the most concise, convenient and reliable works of its kind. The general arrangement of this useful book remains unaltered, but important and valuable additions have been made, thus increasing its value to the general advertiser as a reference work and in the compilation of his lists.

The contents include complete lists of all newspapers in the United States and Canada, with their days of issue, politics and circulations, and properly classified lists of the principal Dailies and Weeklies, and the best Agricultural, Religious, Scientific and Trade publications and leading Magazines. All the lists are catalogued by towns in alphabetical order, and in the general list the population is given of each town and of the county in which it is located.

To advertisers especially, the Manual must prove invaluable, containing as it does every particular necessary for the general description of each newspaper, and so arranged as to admit of the readiest reference.

"HIGH-LOW-GAME."

The British Aristocracy Beat "Old Sledge" at Mixing Blue Blood with the Ordinary Red Fluid.

Some Highly Perfumed Specimens of the Specious Scoundrels Who Recently Voted Against the Liberty of Ireland.

The attention which the serious illness of the Marquis of Ailesbury is drawing to that person's career, and the general interest concerning the effect of his probable death upon the litigation over his ancestral estate of Savernoke, is of particular moment in England just now in view of the reopening of the question of the abolition of the house of lords.

The "costermonger peer" has long been the favorite illustration of the Radicals in their argument against the retention of a hereditary body of lawmakers, for Ailesbury might at one time have entered the upper chamber and voted with the lords, and indeed had threatened to take his place among them in his coster's frock, a threat which held the house in terror for years. If his life serves as a moral lesson to the electors of Great Britain it will be the only value it has brought to anybody.

Ailesbury was a blackguard from choice. He is the seventh marquis in direct succession, and the blood of Bruce runs in his veins. The family motto, "Fuimus" (We have been) therefore seems particularly applicable at this period of its history. Before he had reached his majority he had mortgaged Savernoke with post obits for its entire value. Before he was twenty-five he had been ruled off the turf and had been through the bankruptcy court. Only last winter he was before the criminal courts for conspiring with a disgraced horse-trainer to swindle a drunken farmer out of a few hundred pounds. His marriage to Dolly Tester of the music hall stage, who now refuses to release Savernoke from her claims to jointure in the event of his death and thus prevents the estate from passing by purchase to Lord Iveagh, was a mesalliance on her part. Ailesbury for the last year or two has been partly supported by Bessie Bellwood, also of the music hall stage, who performed the same kindly office for the late Duke of Manchester, a fellow of the same type as Ailesbury, when, as Lord Mandeville, he was "broke" and on the town.

MUSIC HALLS AND NOBILITY.

Bessie Bellwood's relations with a marquis and a duke suggest other points of contact between the music hall stage and the English nobility in the instances of Viscount Hinton, who married Lydia Ann Sheppey; Earl Clancarty, whose Countess was Belle Bilton, and the Earl of Orkney, who was only recently united to Connie Gilchrist, not forgetting the union of Lord Francis Hope with Miss May Yohe of America. It might be mentioned, too, that up to within a few months of his marriage to an American heiress the Earl of Craven was the "protector" of the discarded Marchioness of Ailesbury, who was always known by her maiden name of Dolly Tester, and is at least ten years older than he.

Dolly Tester, whose antecedents are unknown, is a really well-bred woman, however, and prides herself on passing for a swell in any society. She prefers, too, the companionship of gentlemen and the surroundings of a lady, as has been proved before and since her marriage to Ailesbury. Bessie Bellwood, on the contrary, while one of the cleverest performers on the English music hall stage, is a hoyden of hoydens, who would rather get drunk and fight than have her salary raised. It was probably the baser qualities in Mandeville and Ailesbury that attracted her to these two young ruffians and led her to share her salary with them.

To many Americans who knew of Lord Mandeville as the young English Viscount who married a celebrated American beauty, Miss Yznaga, that nobleman has been pointed out at supper with Miss Bellwood in the Cavour or St. James' restaurant, where the demi monde gathers at midnight, and they have seen her pay the bill, not venturing to trust him with her purse. Whether Bessie's kindness to Mandeville was entirely disinterested is a matter for question. She knew he was heir to a dukedom and that his father's days were numbered. Her fury when he repudiated her upon becoming Duke of Manchester knew no bounds. She swore that the first time he set foot in London she would give him a thrashing, and much interest in his advent was felt in sporting circles. If the duke ever heard of this threat he knew that Bessie was able to carry it out, as she once rescued him from an infuriated creditor, thrashed that gentleman, and paid a fine for it. In any event, Mandeville had the good taste to die, as the result of his dissipations, at Tanderagee Castle, his Irish seat, before the gentle Bessie got hold of him.

MONEY LENDERS' INTEREST.

When young Peter Teazle, who owed money, lay at the point of death special prayers were offered in the synagogues for his recovery, according to Goldsmith. There is one little Hebrew in London who must be offering up sincere petitions in his den in Cork street for the recovery of the Marquis of Ailesbury. This man is Sam Lewis, known throughout Europe as "the King of the moneylenders." It was Lewis who loaned Ailesbury the money which assisted him to go to the devil, or post obits, or bills that come due upon his receiving his inheritance on the death of his father.

The old marquis, in order to frustrate Lewis as much as possible, disposed of all his personal estate before his death and attempted to make Savernoke as valueless as possible by selling all the timber on it. Since the present marquis came into possession there has been continual litigation kept up, which has prevented Lewis from receiving his money, he holding Ailesbury's bills for something like £200,000, or nearly $1,000,000. A little more than a year ago Ailesbury asked permission of the courts to set aside the entail and permit him to sell the estate of Savernoke to Lord Iveagh, who was willing to pay £200,000 for it. Sam Lewis paid all the costs of this litigation, as the money from the sale would come to him, though it was understood he had promised the marquis $10,000 if his plea was successful. As Ailesbury was childless and the estate of Savernoke, as it stands, mortgaged beyond its value, his petition was considered and the courts had just decided that the estate might be sold to Iveagh when a new complication arose.

Ailesbury was suddenly stricken with a serious illness; and now Dolly Tester, who has not lived with him for years, but is still the marchioness by law, claims her jointure in case of her husband's death. Unless she is bought off Savernoke cannot be transferred, and, if the marquis should die, the estate will pass, unincumbered by the mortgages he has put upon it, to Lord Frederick Bruce, the next of kin. That is why Sam Lewis feels that destiny is unkind to him.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF A LORD.

There is another fine old English estate, the value of which its owner is doing his best to impair with a view to the discomfiture of his successor. This is Hinton St. George at Crewkerne, the seat of the sixth Earl Poulett. Poulett's heir, the present Viscount Hinton, obtains a meager livelihood in the streets of London trundling a barrel-organ about, assisted by the viscountess and their two children, the Hon. William Henry George and the Hon. Maud Marie. When Hinton is arrested for refusing to move on before houses whose residents have no ear for his music—which occurs often—he is rather glad of it, for it gives him the opportunity to send a marked copy of a newspaper containing an account of the affair to his haughty parent. It should be said for Earl Poulett that he has never recognized the viscount as his son.

Poulett's first marriage was out of the ordinary. When he was a youth of 22 he became enamored of Miss Elizabeth Lavina Newman, the daughter of a pilot at Landport on the coast. She was the belle of the town. She threw aside all her other suitors, however, for the young nobleman. Only a short time after he met her her father became convinced that it was time she should be married. The young earl seemed the most eligible of her suitors and the pilot selected him as her husband. Poulett did not wish to marry but Mr. Newman called upon him with a pistol and persuaded him to go through the ceremony. Six months afterwards the present Viscount Hinton was born. Poulett never lived with his wife after his marriage and she died while her child was very young.

The young viscount, for viscount he was legally, whether actually the son of the earl or not, was brought up by the grandfather, Poulett, refusing to recognize him in any way. The earl even went to the extent of bringing suit for libel against the publishers of Burke's and De Brett's "Peerages" for inserting the name of William Turnour Thomas—which the pilot's daughter gave her son—under the august name of Poulett as the Viscount Hinton. These suits were given up, however, as the nobleman was informed that under the laws of the land William Turnour Thomas was the viscount and heir to Poulett's earldom and estates. Consequently Viscount Hinton's name remains in the "Peerages," with those of his wife, Lydia Ann Sheppey, the ballet-dancer, and their children, "the Hon. William Henry George" and "the Hon. Maud Marie."

In his early youth Viscount Hinton went on the stage as a clown and a pantomimist and won some little fame under the name of Mr. Cosman. This was while he still hoped to propitiate Earl Poulett, who, however, refused to be propitiated. Then the viscount learned what could be done with post-obits, and soon Hinton St. George was mortgaged to its full value with the moneylenders. Hinton spent this money as fast as he received it and is today a beggar in the streets. Meanwhile Earl Poulett has twice married since the death of his first wife and his several other children. The estate is entailed, however, and will eventually come to the pilot's grandson. The earl has sold every stick of timber from the place and has done his best to ruin it in anticipation of his death, as he is in poor health and 66 years of age.

CLANCARTY AND BELLE BILTON.

The marriage of Lord Dunlo, now the Earl of Clancarty, to Belle Bilton, does not reflect any credit upon the nobility. Belle Bilton and her sister were born in an English garrison town, daughters of a sergeant of artillery. Dunlo, a weak-minded young fellow who was just 21, became acquainted with Belle four years ago at the Corinthian club, a London institution where both sexes meet for dancing and suppers between 12 o'clock at night and daylight. Soon after their first meeting they were married. So soon as the then Earl of Clancarty learned of this he sent his son to India for a year, with the hope—as he afterward admitted in court—that his daughter-in-law would give her husband cause for divorce during his absence. When Dunlo returned to London he at once brought suit against his wife for divorce at his father's instigation, naming Isidore Wertheimer, the son of a rich bric-a-brac dealer, as co-respondent. In spite of the fact that Clancarty had had detectives on Lady Dunlo's track during the year Dunlo was abroad, the case against her could not be proved. Dunlo at once returned to her after the trial; and, as his father refused to allow him any mony, the two took up their residence with Wertheimer, the co-respondent, until Lady Dunlo could obtain a situation on the stage to support her noble husband. The fame of the divorce suit rendered this an object easy of accomplishment. Lady Dunlo's salary was large and she and her lord lived luxuriously at the Victoria hotel, until the Earl of Clancarty opportunely died, and his son reigned in his stead. Since then twin children have been born to the new earl, and he and his wife are said to be living happily together. Wertheimer's father failed in business and a year ago the youth committed suicide.

EARL OF ORKNEY'S CASE.

The marriage of the Earl of Orkney to Connie Gilchrist, also from the music halls, is another of the anomalies of English society, to which particular interest is lent by the Duke of Beaufort's connection with the case. Connie had been for several years a protege of the duke, who is a fine old sporting nobleman of more than 80 years, with children and grandchildren, when he introduced her to the Earl of Orkney, a youth of about 25, possessing even less brains than the average of the nobility. A little more than a year ago Connie and the earl were married, the Duke of Beaufort giving the bride away. All England discussed the matter for a day or two. It was considered the duke was guilty of ungentlemanly conduct if he had unloaded Connie upon one of his order. If it had been a commoner the case would have worn another aspect. The conclusion was that Connie was probably a natural daughter of Beaufort, and that he had only done a father's duty in securing her settlement in life. However, nobody ever asked the duke and he never volunteered any explanations in the matter, and the Earl and Countess of Orkney are said to be happy at their home in Castle Wiggs.

Lord Francis Hope's marriage to May Yohe cannot be considered to possess the same features as the mesalliances of the others mentioned. In the first place May is an actress of the legitimate stage, a young woman of many accomplishments, whatever her career may have been. She knows more in a minute than her husband, wno is a particularly boyish young fellow of 25, will in all his life. Lord Francis Hope is a younger brother of the Duke of Newcastle, who is a comparatively poor man. Lord Francis received an immense fortune from his grandmother on condition of taking her name, the Hope strain having died out.

Unlike most wealthy Englishmen of his age Hope is a quiet young man, who goes in for business. He was one of the largest stockholders in the newest London morning newspaper, the *Morning*, that was started eighteen months ago. A year ago he backed Horace Ledger in the management of the Lyric Theatre, where May Yohe made her London debut. Young Hope will, it is possible, find his income is none too large if he continues to support May Yohe, a theatre, and a newspaper.—*Chicago Tribune, Oct. 20.*

CAMPANIA-LUCANIA.

Indisputable Sovereigns of the Seas.

The new Cunard steamer Lucania, from New York, Oct. 14, arrived at Queenstown at 4:24 o'clock on Friday morning, Oct. 20. Time, 5 days, 13 hours and 30 minutes, beating all Eastbound records.

The Campania, sister ship of Lucania, from Queenstown Sunday, Oct. 15, arrived at Sandy Hook (New York) 10:25 p. m., Friday, Oct. 20. Time, 5 days, 13 hours and 23 minutes, beating all ocean records, both East and Westbound.

Facts for the Traveling Public.

Emigrants, commercial men, tourists, mariners and miners relating to the preservation of health under conditions unfavorable to it, may be gleaned with profit from the oft published testimony of such persons relating to the protective and remedial qualities of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a very valuable remedy to those who traverse "the briny deep," or are subjected to malarial influences or out door exposure. With as much certainty as Dr. Koch's celebrated lymph destroys the organic microbe, the Bitters counteracts unhealthful germs in malaria-tainted air and brackish water. It prevents and removes disorders caused by poor and unaccustomed food, and restores tranquility to worn out nerves and weary brains. Rheumatism, kidney and liver complaint, cramps, colic and dyspepsia are among the ailments that it subdues.

Something Interetiang to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Tailor.

374 W. Madison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Mrs. McCullagh, Leinster Lodge, Athy, died recently at an advanced age. Her funeral was one of the most largely attended that has taken place for many years past.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued).

The breath had scarcely left the body of the suspended traitor, when bang! came the report of the matchlock of a sentinel on the ruined ramparts, and next moment an irregular fusilade, a clashing of steel, and a series of shouts and commands resounded from the direction of the breach. The Parliamentarians, acting on the preconcerted signal lately given them by the traitor, were making a night attack. Hoping to surprise the guard, they rushed confidently to the breach; but it had been barricaded by the wise precaution of O'Neill, and they had to retire in disorder under a volley of musketry. One determined band, however, managed to scale the walls and now rushed on the Irish, headed by a daring and resolute leader.

"On them, my brave lads!" shouted this officer; "death and destruction to the infernal sons of Belial! Strike for God and the Parliament!"

"Harrison, by heaven!" exclaimed O'Tracy, and in a moment he confronted him for the last time.

"Ha, imp of the demon! you again—have at ye!" cried the Puritan.

A few clashes of the gleaming swords, a few quick nervous thrusts and glancing, lightning-like parries, and Harrison fell. The blade of his adversary had passed between his gorget and breastplate, inflicting on him a mortal wound. As he fell the cheers of the Irish announced the complete repulse of the surprise party. Panting with pain and exhaustion, Edmund leant on his sword and surveyed his prostrate foe. As he did so the voice of Niall O'Cuirnin sounded behind him.

"A neat thrust, Emon; that Roundhead has fought his last fight."

The dying Puritan writhed painfully over on the ground from his back to his side, and with a last revengeful effort drew a pistol from his belt, presented it and fired, the ball passing close by his slayer's cheek. Nor did it go far to find a fatal billet.

"Take that—curse you!" were the last words of black Gilbert Harrison, as his limbs became rigid in death.

"A narrow escape," murmured our hero, turning away.

"O God, have mercy on me!" moaned a hollow voice from the ground close behind him: "O'Tracy—Emon avic—quick, for the love of heaven!"

"Niall, Niall, my brother!" exclaimed Edmund, in alarm, as he perceived his friend lie groaning on the ground. Hurrying towards him he supported him in his arms.

"Good heavens, Niall, can this be serious? are you deeply hurt?"

"It is all—all over with me, my boy—the Roundhead's bullet has done for me my days are over! I choke, I choke—God receive my soul! O Mother of God! —Emon! Emon——"

"Yes, brother, yes."

"My poor sister—my poor Kathleen—Kathleen!——"

"The death-rattle sounded in Niall O'Cuirnin's throat, and he lay a corpse in the arms of O'Tracy.

A wild and piteous scream pealed through the night, the lithe form of a woman bounded spectre-like through the darkness, and Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin threw herself on her brother's corpse in an agony of grief.

Ere that night passed Sir Phelim O'Neill entered into a treaty of capitulation with Coote. The terms of surrender were fair and honorable, viz., that Sir Phelim and his Spartan band of survivors should march out with arms and baggage, and deliver up the place to the Parliament, Sir Phelim to leave Ireland and transport himself beyond the sea within three months. So the Red Hand of Tirowen was hauled down from over the last Irish stronghold in Ulster to make way for the Parliamentarian flag, and one Major Reed, "a mere knave," was appointed by Coote, governor of Charlemont.

Of the later fortunes of that historic town it may be remarked that the second Charles purchased it from Lord Caulfield's successor for £3,000, and that its heroic defense by Sir Teague O'Regan forms one of the most remarkable events of the Williamite wars.

The fate of Sir Phelim O'Neill may be related in a few words. Neglecting to fulfil the entire terms of the treaty—to wit, the condition of quitting Ireland within three months—he concealed himself in an island in a Tyrone lake, where he was captured, being betrayed by another infamous O'Hugh. Taken to Dublin, he was there brutally hanged and quartered on the charge of high treason.

Among the crowd of both sexes who quitted Charlemont after its surrender, and travelled south-westwards into Connaught, were our hero and heroine. The route was a long and weary one, but they halted not until they reached the City of the Tribes.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A FRIEND IN NEED—EXILE—A SOLDIER'S LAURELS.

"Inter Juvernas urbes, urbesque Britannas
Postrema hostili Galvia capta dolo est."

"Of all the Irish or English towns,
Galway was the last captured, by fraudful treachery."
—*Lynch's "Vita Kerovani."*

"To Spain, to Spain, he now will sail,
His destiny is wroken—
An exile from dear Innisfail,
Nor yet his will is broken."
—*Davis.*

Galway had fallen. Its nine months' siege had been a severe one; great and obstinate the valor displayed by the besieged, notably by Farrell's troop of horse—the only cavalry in the town; and fierce and determined the sorties made on the besiegers' trenches. But Ludlow had come with his army to the aid of Coote, who commanded the beleaguering force; the governor of the town, Gen. Preston, often heretofore mentioned, had made his escape by sea leaving the town to make what terms it might; and now at length the flag of the Parliament flew over the last important Irish stronghold, and the Cromwellian was lord in the fine old City of the Tribes.

Some months had passed since the surrender of the town, when, in the house of an honest burgher and tribesman named Mark Kirwan, a wedding party was assembled—a wedding party in the midst of famine, plague, and slavery—no gay dresses, no flowers, no bridal favors of any kind—and those who were now to be united in the solemn bonds of matrimony were Edmund O'Tracy and Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin.

As the reader will remember, the eleven years of the war had passed since their first meeting on the shores of Lough Gill, and time had wrought its changes on the persons of our hero and heroine. He was no longer the lithe, agile stripling, but a tall, soldierly man, of robust and sinewy frame, hardened by the rough toils and usages of warfare; she no longer the slender, pearly maiden of long ago, but a queenly woman of well developed charms, stately, graceful, and beautiful, though withal there were traces of care visible amid the bloom of her countenance. And now, after their long period of courtship and most broken and irregular course of true love, their constancy was about to rewarded by their being made one. With the money he had accumulated during the war, our hero had determined to leave Ireland for Spain, there to take his chance of fame under the banners of King Philip; and Kathleen, friendless, trusting, and devoted, had consented to accompany him as his wife. So they stood there to be married, and a finer looking couple it were hard to find than our soldier and his bride-elect.

Besides the twain, only about half a dozen other persons occupied the apartment. The owner of the house, Mark Kirwan, was in prison with his son; but his spouse, a buxom, rosy-cheeked dame, was present, together with her daughter, who acted as bridesmaid, and a few of her younger children. There was also present a soldier comrade of Edmund's; there was the priest, who was surpliced and stoled for the ceremony—a venerable, white-haired soggarth, who died in the prison island of Innisbofin some years later—and in a retired corner of the chamber sat by himself an aged ecclesiastic, clad in the purple soutane of a bishop. This was the guest of the family, and pious Francis Kirwan, Bishop of Killala, of old the celebrated preacher of St. Nicholas', and now a hunted fugitive with the bloodhounds of the Parliament on his trail.

The clergyman opened his book and proceeded with the wedding ceremony. It was soon over. Slow but distinct sounded the mystic utterances which united two loving hearts until one or other of them should be cold in death. And as O'Tracy slipped the golden hoop on the fair, plump finger of his bride, kissed her red lips, and knelt with her to receive the benediction of both priest and bishop in turn, he felt supremely happy and blest, despite of the harassing question, what should be the sequel?

"My dear children," said the officiating priest, as he closed his book, "your union has been made in the midst of woe and persecution, and you go forth hand-in-hand into the country of the stranger, exiles from the land of your birth. But God, who witnesses the misfortunes of his Irish children, will, I pray, bless you with happiness and prosperity in your foreign home, and sweeten your memories of old Ireland."

"We will say amen to that, *ma colleen dhas*," said Edmund, earnestly, as he gazed tenderly into the dark, love-lit eyes of his newly-made wife, and read in those lustrous orbs a world of trust and affection. Suddenly the chamber-door was thrown open, and an affrighted domestic, a man-servant, entered and rushed up to the lady of the house.

"Come madam," he gasped, in a voice of dismay; "come quick, for the love of heaven! The soldiers!—the Saturday collection!"

"Good God, preserve us!" shrieked the wife of Mark Kirwan;—"hold them back, good Geoffrey, for two minutes, for heaven's sake. Come, father—come, my lord; to your hiding places, or we are lost."

"She touched a concealed spring in the wainscot of the room, and a large panel, sliding aside, revealed a small staircase, which the bishop and the priest immediately mounted.

"There is great danger," murmured Mrs. Kirwan, as they ascended;—"keep close in the private closet on the garret for the present; you may afterwards get out through the attic window, and cross the roofs to Dame Blake. I will send Geoffrey to help you."

The two old clergymen, thus hunted like beasts of prey, disappeared up the stairs, and their protectress drew the sliding panel back to its proper place. Scarcely had she accomplished this when there was a confused noise in the corridor on which the apartment opened—a trompling of many feet, a discord of rough voices, and the clatter of musket butts an the flagged floor. Immediately there was a loud knocking on the door. It was opened by the domestic, at the command of his mistress, and instantly nigh a score of armed soldiers, headed by a sergeant, clanked into the chamber. At the same moment the blast of several trumpets, mingled with the roll of drums, resounded through the street without, proclaiming to the Galwegians the advent of their weekly persecution.

This was the infamous Saturday collection. On each succeeding Saturday the pay of the Cromwellian troops in Galway was exacted from the inhabitants with circumstances of the utmost atrocity. "On these occasions," says a writer of the period, "the soldiers entered the various houses, and, pointing their muskets to the breasts of men and women, threatened them, with instant death if the sum demanded was not immediately given. Should it have so happened that the continual payment of these pensions had exhausted the means of the people, bed, bedding, sheets, tableclots, dishes, and every description of furniture—nay, the very garments of the women, torn off their persons—were carried to the market place and sold for a small sum; so much so, that each recurring Saturday bore a resemblance to the Day of Judgment, and the clangor of the trumpet smote the people with terror almost equal to that of doomsday."

"Well, missus," said the sergeant, an ill-favored ruffian, with an insolent and overbearing air, "so you've let us in at last, have ye? Now, then, we've been waiting long enough, so look sharp. Pay is scarce enough today, so turn us out your allowance right cheerily, or 'fore the Lord Harry, there'll be crotchety work afoot."

"Have pity sir," exclaimed the lady addressed, with a mixture of dignity and entreaty;—"in this house we have barely the means of life, though, alas! that the wife of a Galway Kirwan should be compelled to say so! My husband and son are in prison, and we are left poor and defenseless. Oh, sir, have mercy!—pass us by."

"Tush! the old story. Come, men—the usual thing, you know. Spread over the house, and be not shy in any room from garret to cellar. Take the best and leave the worst, say I. Do the articles as little damage as possible, else they may take a confounded small figure in the canting. Mark me, I'll flay the rascal alive who loses me a penny of my honest pay. So to work."

His plundering crew needed not the second bidding. They seized with avidity on the various articles of furniture in the room, and commenced carrying them out into street. Elsewhere through the house the looters were also at work, while poor Mrs. Kirwan and her family looked through their tears at the ruthless plunder of their property, and the demolition or disappearance of their various household gods. As for our bride and bridegroom, they stood side by side in a retired part of the chamber, unable to do aught but look with distress and indignation on the scene passing before their eyes.

"Hallo, comrades, what pretty gimcrack have we here?" cried a tall musketeer, as he emerged from a small closet bearing with him the object of his curiosity. It was a wooden tabernacle, ornamented with gilt mouldings and burnished candlesticks that glittered in the light. This sacred article, which Bishop Kirwan had intended for some church, was speedily surrounded by the soldiers, who examined it with ribald jests and laughter.

"Spare it—spare the abode of the Lord!" shrieked Mrs. Kirwan, as she rushed forward and threw herself on her knees before the profane wretches, raising her clasped hands entreatingly.

"Gadzooks, a little popish mass-house!" exclaimed the villainous sergeant; "stand aside, my children, and I'll soon make an end o't."

Dashing the tabernacle on the floor, he raised his musket butt and brought it down with a crash on the object of his wrath, shattering it to pieces and strewing the floor with splinters of the gilded wood—an act which elicited a low wail of grief and horror from the females in the room, while the few male Catholics present blushed with shame and clenched their hands in impotent wrath.

"So much for the bauble," continued sergeant, with a brutal laugh; "and now, my brave ferrets, to the search. There are popish priests near at hand; come, scent me out the vermin in double quick time. Guard the door, corporal, and let none pass in or out until we have our prey safe in hands. Bustle, my heroes, bustle."

The Cromwellians now instituted an eager and diligent search for the suspected clergymen, and bitter were their oaths of disappointment as they failed to discover any traces of their victims. They scowled fiercely on the other persons in the room, assailing each with threats of vengeance for not disclosing the whereabouts of the "Pope's pedlars," and sought out their prey in every probable and improbable place they could conceive. At length one of them commenced sounding the wainscoting with repeated blows of his musket around the walls, continuing the process until he came to the particular moving panel already mentioned, against which Kathleen was leaning as if by mere accident—though, in fact, her design was to foil, if possible, his investigation.

"Come, my dainty wench, stand aside, will you? I'd fain test the carpentry at your back. Come, hence with you, I say."

He rudely seized her by the arm and dragged her aside, but her place at the panel was immediately taken by O'Tracy. The Cromwellian instantly rushed at the latter with clubbed musket, but our hero, whose blood was now afire, seized the uplifted weapon, wrested it from its possessor, and with one desperate blow of the heavy butt stretched the Cromwellian apparently dead on the floor. All at once the room was the scene of a frightful uproar. Edmund was promptly seconded by his male companions, but he and they were soon overpowered by numbers, seized and bound.

The suspicious panel was now examined by the soldiers, one of whom stove it in with the butt of his musket, revealing the hidden staircase. Two or three of the men bounded through the jagged aperture, and soon reappeared, dragging with them the old priest who had celebrated the recent marriage. The bishop had providentially escaped his enemies for the time being.

"Bravely done my heroes," ejaculated the sergeant triumphantly; "I knew we couldn't miss him. Carry him along; and this precious knot of papists, priest-hiders, and scorners of the law, as they are, must to prison—let not one of them escape or on your heads be it. Take up poor Dobbs and bear him to the barrack; d—n little life there's left in the poor fellow, but this gay bantam cock shall swing for it. Come, step out."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Timniughadh do'n Chraoibhin Aoibhinn.

(Le Micheál C. Ua Séaghdha.)

A "Chraoibhin Aoibhinn" bhinn ó Eirinn,
Is ionmhúin tréithe do chroidhe 's do chleasaibh,
Le buidhin ód' thir thar tuide a g.céin uait,
Nuair chid do léigheann, do shlighe, 's do cheachd.

A's thugaid fa n-deara thú, fharraire ghléigil,
Ag cuardach, fairsinge do labhartha Gaedhilge,
Dánta, ranna, agus sean-fhocail élgse,
Tá fágtha faon mar an t-éug faol leacht.

Is mór d'ár g-caint tá caillte tréigthe,
Gan fios air éifeacht anois go beacht,
Bailigh an brósgar is fiú géur-fhéuchaint,
An bláire is lúgha dá aosdacht dreach;
Má tá an chaint beárnach, basgaithe, brógh-aithe,
Dorcha, dualrc le mór chuid smáite,
Tá anois aguinn leágha chum a chneadha do chlúdadh.
Le h-olla m-bárd a's le fásgadh a g-ceachd.

Tir-ghrádhach do chuaird air fuaid na h-Eirceann,
Ag tionól na bréithre le fada faol cheó,
Labhartha binne gach file ins an nGaedhilge,
Nuair bhi an tir faon gan sgléip na sógh;
Anois is taithneamh le h-aigne Gaodhal g-ceart
A m-beith 'na m-beatha gan meath air a n-éifeacht,
Agus dlighe a námhaide treasgartha traochta,
Bhi sealad go treun dá sgaipeadh air feógh.

Suas led' mhisneach, a "Chraoibhin Aoibhinn,"
Ceal ad' chroidhe agus gaois ad' cheann,
Seo guth na Gaedhilge go treun ag guidhe dhuit,
Saoghal dod' sgribhinn a's aois dod' pheann.
Beannacht na m-bárd go h-árd ad' thimcheall
A's sluagh na n-dámh gan tlás a maoidheamh ort,
Ar d-teanga mhin bhláthmhar a rádh faid saoi-ghal duit,
A "Chraobhin Aoibhinn" is fille air chrann.

—*Irish Echo.*

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

FIGHTING A ROBBER.

WAS IT BRAVERY OR WAS IT A CASE OF FOOLHARDINESS?

A Struggle With the Famous Ed Dalton For the Possession of a $5,000 Money Package—A Telegrapher's Story of One Winter Night's Experience.

When I read of adventures, there comes to my mind my encounter with a notorious outlaw of the name of Ed Dalton. For years he had robbed mail coaches and waylaid and murdered travelers who were belated and so unfortunate as to meet him.

I was employed by the Northern Pacific railway as telegraph operator. It was in the latter part of the winter that the most terrible storm broke upon that section of the country that was ever known. The wind blew a strong gale from the northwest, and the air was full of snow.

All trains were late, and I had found no time to leave my office and take an express package of $5,000 to the bank for safe keeping. The station was crowded and our safe small, so that I usually deposited the company's money in the bank—not liking to risk it in the office. I had an order from the dispatcher not to go to bed till after No. 4 had passed. This was the western bound limited, due at Cameron at 10 minutes of 11.

It was a lonely night. The wires hummed and sobbed in the wind as though they could not withstand the fury of the storm. I had finished my work and was sitting half asleep near the stove, which was filled with coal and red as a cherry, when a sensation of some impending danger took possession of me. Trying to shake it off, I walked to my desk, threw open the key and asked the operator on the "night trick" at Hudson how No. 4 was.

"On time," clicked the instrument in reply, and I stirred the fire, turned the blaze of my lamp higher and sat down again.

For 15 or 20 minutes I sat listening to the monotonous click so musical to the operator's ear, when I became conscious some one was looking through the window, and a thought of the express package flashed through my mind. At the same instant a crashing of glass was followed by a gruff voice saying:

"Move and you are a dead man!"

I did not stir, but I realized that I was looking straight into a six shooter. While I was wondering how I could save the money the robber broke out the rest of the window pane and crawled in over my desk.

Oh, for some way to reach my trusty "bulldog," which was lying in full sight under the ticket window. Useless wish! Ordering me to rise, the ruffian calmly took my chair and proceeded to warm his chilled members before "cleaning out" the office, all the while keeping the revolver pointed at my head. Glancing around, he spied my pistol and coolly put it in his pocket. As he rose he said:

"Well, now I am ready for business. I will just trouble you for that little package with the red seals that is in your safe."

I was desperate enough to say anything and broke into a loud, harsh laugh as he finished.

"Was ever anything more lucky?" I cried, and my voice sounded like a croak. "Why, my friend, I have been waiting for a chance to rob the express company for a month, and if you are bound to take the package we will divide the contents and skip together."

He looked at me a moment with a skeptical sneer.

"Bosh! Don't talk stuff! Whatever you do be quick about it and look a little out that you play me no trick, or I'll finish you."

I turned the combination and drew the safe door open, making up my mind to throw myself upon him if he moved his revolver away for an instant. It did not seem likely that opportunity would favor me, but as I took the money from the safe and handed it to him he lowered his weapon.

The critical time had come! If I should fail to overpower the fellow, it meant death for me.

I sprang upon him with the strength of a madman, and so unexpected was the movement that we both went sprawling on the floor, the revolver discharging itself harmlessly as we fell. The robber soon struggled to his feet, and lifting me completely from the floor forced me through the ticket window.

But I had wrestled often while at college, and as I crashed through the glass I whirled him around, throwing my left foot back of his in such a way that the next instant found him on his head in a corner. Wild with excitement, I pinned him to the floor, pulling my old "bulldog" from his pocket and changing the situation by placing the muzzle against his temple.

"Lie still, my friend," I panted, "or it will be worse for you!"

At that very moment I heard the familiar whistle of No. 4, which was approaching the station, but would not stop unless signaled. I was master of the situation now. I could stretch out my left hand and touch the signal board, and with a loud cry of triumph that sounded strange and savage in my own ears I turned it. I heard the airbrakes and escaping steam, and then the train came to a full stop. Directly afterward the office door opened, and the conductor came swinging his lantern and expecting his train orders.

I suppose he understood the tableau before him, but that was all I knew for some time.

When I became conscious of what was going on around me, they had my robber bound hand and foot, and an eager crowd stood round my chair, praising my bravery and congratulating me on saving the large sum of money and capturing the boldest robber west of Cameron, the famous Ed Dalton.

Was it bravery? Sometimes I think it was foolhardiness, but it paid me well, for both railway and express companies rewarded me generously in money and advance of position.—Archie Eggleson.

The Cat In Ancient Times.

The cat was so very highly regarded in England at one time, both as a rat and mouse catcher, and as an ornament to society, that we find the following salutary law passed by one of the princes of Wales:

"If any one steal or kill a Cat that guards the Prince's Granery, he is to forfeit a milch Ewe, its Fleece and Lamb. Or, as much Wheat as, when poured upon the cat suspended from its tail, with the head touching the floor, would form a heap high enought to cover the tip of the former."

Though the Welsh had a high opinion of the cat, the ancient Egyptians had a still higher. These intelligent and civilized people treated cats with great distinction. It was a crime to kill them, and when they died they received a public burial, at which the people mourned, having first shaved off their eyebrows as a token of sorrow. The most prominent cats were upon death embalmed in drugs and spices, and cat mummies have been found side by side with those of kings. When Cambyses, the Persian, attacked the Egyptian city of Pelusia, he cunningly provided his soldiers with cats instead of shields. When the host advanced, the Egyptians retired in confusion upon discovering that they would be unable to do damage to their enemy without seriously imperiling the lives of vast numbers of cats. And so the city was taken easily and without the loss of blood or of a cat. It cannot be disputed that the ancient Egyptian cats must have enjoyed life very much.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Yankee Doodle."

The tune of "Yankee Doodle" has had seven or eight treatises written upon it in the last 30 years, ascribing it to various dates and origins, even back to The Netherlands and the days of Cromwell and the Charleses. Dr. George Grove of London, author of the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," has investigated thoroughly the various musical libraries and the British museum in England, finding no traces of it whatever, thus exploding all the mystical, traditional and apochryphal accounts thereof.

But "Yankee Doodle" had an origin and has a history. It was written by Dr. Richard Schuchburg, whose commission dates 1737, in the French and Indian war of 1755 under General Jeffrey Amherst and was intended as a "take off" on the "rag, tag and bobtail" recruits of the colonies that came into the army. It "took" so well, however, that the Americans have ever adopted it and would not part with it for anything. The first words,

Father and I went down to camp,

were in the Boston Journal in 1768, and the first record of the tune is in Arnold's "Two to One," 1760, so that "Yankee Doodle," although written by a British surgeon, is really American.—Boston Transcript.

Economy In Foot Wear.

The neatest and most economical possible foot wear is a low cut shoe of a special pattern to be worn with gaiters to match each dress. This style of foot clothing has many advantages. The low shoe is easily aired, and the inner sole will retain the odors of the feet with the neatest of persons if not properly aired, especially when one walks much. The gaiter breaks the apparent size of a large foot and forms a very attractive finish when matched to costumes.

Skirts rubbing against the front of high kid boots will wear the seam, while the lower part remains in perfect condition. Gaiters, upon the other hand, can be changed as soon as defaced and worn with the same boot. Many pretty gaiters are possible for different occasions and styles of dress.—Jenness Miller Monthly.

United States man-of-war Mohican arrived at Port Townsend from Behring sea with five officers and seventeen men sick with the grip.

With the change in municipal administration at Indianapolis Mayor Denny finds nearly one thousand applications on file in his office for places, and 1,580 applications have been filed for appointment on the police and fire department forces.

Mrs. R. R. Jones of Stockton, Kan., who had been declared insane, committed suicide by hanging herself in a vacant building near her own home.

Joseph Miles was arrest at Wapakoneta, O., for passing stolen postal notes. His pal, who had a valise containing a number of bogus notes, escaped.

IT'S RATHER TOO MUCH FOR YOU

—the ordinary, bulky pill. Too big to take, and too much disturbance for your poor system. The smallest, easiest to take, and best are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They leave out all the disturbance, but yet do you more good. Their help *lasts*. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and permanently cured. They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

If you're suffering from Catarrh, the proprietors of Doctor Sage's Catarrh Remedy ask you to try their medicine. Then, if you can't be cured, they'll pay you $500 in cash.

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C., No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

REDMOND'S REVOLT

The Parnellite Leader Gives Out an Ultimation.

WILL DESERT THE GRAND OLD MAN

Unless He Pushes Home Rule and Considers the Evicted Tenants Question Right Away — Violation of Promises Charged—Incident in the Brazilian Rebellion—A Government Warship Challenged to Come Out and Fight.

LONDON, Oct. 23.—Mr. John Redmond, M. P., in a speech at Cork said that the Nationalist party was divided into two sections, each of which handled the other worse than they did the members of the Parnellite section. Notwithstanding the promises made by the Liberal party at election time the Irish found that after years of Liberal rule the doors were doubly locked upon political prisoners. Not only this, the question of the evicted tenents was shirked and shelved and the matter of home rule was indefinitely postponed. The votes of an independent party, counting eighteen on a division, could not be despised by a party with a majority of only thirty-eight.

Redmond said he would give formal notice now to the Liberal whips that they could no longer count the Parnellite members of the house of commons as a part of their majority unless they consented to consider the evicted tenants question this autumn, and again deal with the question of home rule or dissolve in 1894. Failing in this the Independent Irish party would not merely withdraw their support from the Liberal party, but they would seize the first favorable opportunity for striking against the men who had violated their promises and postponed the realization of the hopes of the Irishmen.

MELLO PROCLAIMS A PRESIDENT.

The Brazilian Unpleasantness Becoming Interesting—A Naval Challenge.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—The Herald's Montevideo dispatch says: News has been received from Rio Janeiro that Fredericho Culmero Lorena has been proclaimed provisional president of Brazil by Admiral Mello in command of the insurgent fleet. Lorena is captain of one of the rebel warships and the provisional government, of which he is now declared president, was established some days ago at Desterro, which is the capital city of the state of Santa Calvarina.

The insurgent warship Republica appeared outside the harbor of Montevideo and was promptly quarantined. She signalled the Tiradentes (government warship) to come outside and fight. The Tiradentes did not deign to reply to the belligerent visitor, but continued to lie quietly under the friendly ægis of Uruguay. The Uruguayan government declared that the warships must not fight in its waters; but it has no ships capable of preventing the commanders of the Brazilian warships had they decided to fight the naval duel.

After the Republica had been supplied with water and coal she sailed north again, flagging the Tiradentes an invitation to join the rebels, and taunting the crew with being cowards for seeking protection from a foreign power. The Uruguayan officials refused pratique to the Republica and would not even allow her to communicate with the shore.

Spreckles on the Sandwich Islands.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—Claus Spreckels, the sugar king, who has large interests in Hawaii, has been in town several days. Mr. Spreckels spoke freely to a reporter about sugar interests and Hawaiian affairs. "I am opposed to stealing," he said, "and do not believe that might makes right. The United States seized the Sandwich islands without any right to do so, and assumed charge of the affairs there. It is not because I have sugar interests there that I say this policy was unjustifiable. It was too much like grabbing and contrary therefore to the spirit of fair play."

Senator Hill Speaks at Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 24.—Senator Hill addressed the Democrats of this city at the Academy of Music and was received with an ovation from the large audience. It would not be "Dave" Hill speaking if the Republicans did not get a raking, and they got one. He then approved of the calling of the special session and reviewed the events in the senate, advocating the amendment of the rules so that the majority can rule. He promised that the effort for change would be continued, and said that the end of the contest was very near.

Crusade Against Sunday Opening.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 24.—The ministers of Kansas City are to join in a crusade against the Sunday opening of saloons, grocery stores, meat markets, barber shops and all other places which are required to be kept closed Sunday by the state law. After the adjournment of the regular meeting of the Ministers' alliance the thirty ministers representing the various denominations of the city voted to lend their aid and support to the Christian Endeavor societies in their effort to have the Sunday closing law enforced.

Disastrous Prairie Fires.

ST. PAUL, Oct. 24.—Owing to an abundance of dry prairie grass and a high wind the prairie fires are uncommonly destructive around Hallock, Minn. So far reports have come in that besides one dwelling house and stables about 900 tons of hay were consumed. One fire is said to have started from fires built by the section men to burn the grass near the track.

D'Oro and Roberts Again.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—D'Oro and Roberts, the billiard experts, have begun another match, playing afternoon and evening, alternately "spot stroke" and "spot stroke" barred, English billiards all the time, Roberts giving D'Oro 300 points each game, 800 up. Roberts won every game the first day.

Had Been Missing Since September.

NEWTON, L. I., Oct. 24.—Mrs. Mary Lemken, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has certified that the remains found in Cypress Hill cemetery on Saturday night are those of her husband, who had been missing since September last.

Three Persons Fatally Shot.

ATHENSVILLE, Ills., Oct. 24.—In a row at a dance near here William Griffith fatally shot Martin Flynn and Dennis Flynn. A shot also fatally wounded Robert Wyatt, a boy of 15.

THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Twelfth Week of the Extra Session—Repeal Bill Still Up.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23.—The senate entered upon the twelfth week of the present session at 10 o'clock. No adjournment having occurred since a week ago, the legislative day of Tuesday, Oct. 17, still continued. Stewart gave notice of an amendment which he intended to offer to the repeal bill proposing a conference to be held at Washington within nine months between delegates of the United States, Mexico, Central and South America, Hayti, and San Domingo for the adoption of a common silver coin; to be legal tender in all commercial transactions between the citizens of the countries represented in the conference.

The house joint resolution for the printing of 2,000 copies of the hearings before the committee on ways and means of the house was agreed to with an amendment making the number 4,000, to be divided equally between the senate and house. The consideration of the bill to repeal the purchasing clause of the silver act of 1890 was then resumed and Jones of Nevada entered upon the fourth installment of his argument in opposition to the bill. Jones made an elaboration of the arguments he was advancing when the senate took a recess Saturday evening—that the standard of a country could be neither gold, silver nor a material thing, but that whatever the standard might be it was quantitative and the value of each unit depended upon the number of units and that there could be but a single standard in a country and that one of quantity.

In the House.

The senate amendments to the Rawlins bill for the relief of the Mormon church was agreed to. A bill authorizing the payment of the expenses of Louis L. Williams, World's fair commissioner from Alaska, was objected to by Kilgore, on the ground that it would inaugurate a deluge of claims against the government growing out of the World's fair. The printing bill passed—167 to 17. The consideration of the bill to provide for the construction of a steam revenue cutter on the great lakes to replace the Andy Johnson was then resumed. Loud of California offered a substitute including provision for a revenue cutter for the harbor of San Francisco. Chairman Sayers of the appropriation committee, in opposing the substitute, served notice on his Democratic colleagues that unless they joined with him in economizing this would be a billion dollar congress. Loud withdrew the substitute and the bill was passed.

COLLIDED DURING A FOG.

Several People Hurt in a Wreck on the Fort Wayne Road.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 23.—East-bound passenger train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road No. 4, in charge of Engineer Cowan, while in a heavy fog early in the morning at Monroeville, Ind., ran past a swith, and the result was a head-end collision with the Columbian express, westbound. Four trainmen were seriously and three passengers slightly injured.

The injured are: Robert B. Cowan of Fort Wayne, badly injured about the body; L. J. Dalley, fireman, of Fort Wayne, bruised on the body; Mrs. M. T. Eisman of Philadelphia, right hip bruised; F. E. Hunt, brakeman, of Fort Wayne, both legs fractured; A. C. Stevens, baggageman of Crestline, O., head injured by a pile of trunks knocked down on him; Edward E. Sayes of Philadelphia, right hand lacerated; Miss B. Shields of Philadelphia, face bruised.

SUICIDES AT CHICAGO.

Father and Daughter Throw Themselves into the Lake.

CHICAGO, Oct. 23.—Henrietta Kimball, 18 years old, living at 9806 Seventh avenue, South Chicago, committed suicide by throwing herself into the lake at the foot of Ninety-eighth street. Insane with grief over his daughter's rash act Andrew Kimball followed her example and, choosing the same kindly waters in which his daughter ended her earthly sufferings, drowned himself.

J. F. Knapp, claiming to be from Lincoln, Neb., tied his trousers around his neck and strangled himself at the Armory station. He had been locked up in the witness cell to sober up. He said he had been robbed of $1,200, but couldn't tell where.

Charles E. Englebrecht of 163 Rumsey street blew the entire top of his head off. He had been to the fair the day before and acted like an insane man when he came home.

Reformation by Lawlessness.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 23.—Whitecaps in Campbell county burned the house of Mrs. Ira Brooks and her two daughters, who had received several warnings but paid no attention to them. The women barely escaped with their lives. Although the women were objectionable characters the whitecaps will be prosecuted.

Mayor of Minneapolis Badly Hurt.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 23.—Mayor W. H. Eustis, while driving to his farm in the outskirts of the city was thrown from his buggy and seriously injured. The horse took fright at a gypsy camp and ran away.

Negro Poisoner Lynched.

ATLANTA, Oct. 23.—Ned Jenkins, a negro, was lynched in Clybourne county, Ga., he having confessed that he poisoned William Burke's family of seven a few days before.

Made an Assignment.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—George Meyer & Co., carriage manufacturers, have made an assignment. Liabilities, $100,000. Assets unknown.

To Exterminate a Moth.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24. — Coggswell of Massachusetts has introduced a bill to appropriate $100,000 to exterminate the gypsy moth.

Forty Horses Cremated.

LE MARS, Ia., Oct. 23.—Fire in Corksry's livery stable consumed forty head of horses and destroyed $100,000 worth of other property.

Archbishop of Armagh Dead.

DUBLIN, Oct. 23.—The archbishop of Armagh, primate of all Ireland, is dead.

A. C. Burnham has given $10,000 in aid of a movement to establish a hospital in Champaign, Ills.

Three desperate negro convicts employed by the Dublin, Ga., Brick company knocked down a guard and escaped.

The Wisconsin board of equalization has reduced the real estate assessment of Milwaukee county $30,000,000, or from $135,000,000 to $125,000,000.

Ambitious and enthusiastic California is rushing through preparations for her midwinter fair at a great rate.

DISOBEYED HIS ORDERS

OVER A SCORE OF PEOPLE KILLED IN A RAILWAY WRECK.

The Disaster Occurred in the Yards of the Grand Trunk Railway at Battle Creek, Mich., Due to Failure of One of the Engineers to Obey His Orders.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Oct. 20.—The worst accident of this year occurred about 4 o'clock in the morning in the yards of the Chicago and Grand Trunk railroad close to the round house in this city by which at least twenty-six persons lost their lives and double as many more were badly injured. A Raymond & Whitcomb special train of passengers from New York and Boston were returning from Chicago. The train was in charge of Conductor Scott of this city, and Engineer Wooley and took orders at this station to meet at Nichols No. 9, the Pacific express going west, but which was three hours late. The conductor or engineer, or both, of the Raymond special disobeyed orders and passed Nichols station and collided with the Pacific express coming west at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. The two engines were driven into each other and are a total wreck. The one on the express was No. 158, a new Cook engine in use only two weeks. The engineers and firemen, when they saw that a collision was inevitable, shut off steam, reversed engines, put on brakes and all jumped and escaped without serious injury.

In a Fiery Furnace.

When the collision took place the second and third day coaches on No. 9, the train going west, were completely telescoped and immediately took fire. It was in these cars that the horrible sacrifice of life took place. The second coach cut through the third coach like a knife and the roof passed over the heads of the ill-fated passengers who were completely entombed in a fiery furnace. The passengers in the four coaches were more or less injured and in one of them, "No. 13," called the unlucky coach, which has been in several accidents before, there were a large number of dead bodies taken from the wreck by the firemen. They were pinioned under seats and jammed up against the end of the coach by the next coach which had telescoped it and then burned like rats in a trap. The accident was a mile from the fire station and before water could be turned on the cars they were all burned. No one on the Raymond special was injured. The Pacific express was made up of thirteen old coaches and four of them were completely burned, catching fire from the lamps in the cars.

But Few Passengers Escaped.

The bodies were burned so badly as to be unrecognizable. Nearly all had their heads, arms or legs burned off. As the second car crashed through the third it swept the people in a mass to the north end of the latter car, in the vicinity of the stove, where most of the bodies were afterwards found. The cars immediately took fire and in an instant they were all in a blaze. The night yardman and the neighbors in the vicinity were on the scene as soon as possible. One passenger escaped through the doorway. Others who escaped smashed out the windows and climbed through. Only three escaped from the left side and not more than six from the other side. All the rest of the occupants of the second coach perished. The most horrible sight was that presented by Mrs. Charles Van Dusen of Fort Plain, N. Y. She succeeded in getting half way out of the window, but her legs were fastened and those who ran to her assistance could not release her. She was burned to death before their eyes with one-half of her body still hanging out of the window. Before death came to release her sufferings she gave her name.

Her Husband Also Dead.

She was a teacher in the Methodist Sunday school at home and she died like a Christian. Her husband, Charles Van Dusen, was terribly injured, but was taken from the wreck alive. He was removed to the Nicholas Memorial home, where he died at 10 o'clock. The awful work of rescuing the dead and injured was not completed until 9 o'clock in the morning, when the last body was taken out of the wreck. Sufficient stretchers were not to be had and the workers nailed boads together on which the charred bodies were laid and carried away as fast as they were extricated. A temporary morgue was made of a freight car in which the disfigured bodies were placed in charge of local undertakers. So horribly burned and charred are the bodies lying in this impromptu morgue that it is hardly possible their names will ever be known. At 9 o'clock twenty-six dead bodies had been taken out of the ruins of the wrecked cars and this is supposed to be the total number of victims. As fast as the charred satchels, valises, pocketbooks, watches, etc., were recovered from the debris they were turned over to the police officials.

Some of the Dead and Injured.

Following is a correct list of dead as identified by cards and of persons known to have been on the train and who are missing: Mrs. C. W. Van Dusen, Fort Plain, N. Y.; C. W. Van Dusen, Fort Plain, N. Y., died at hospital; E. Wierts; James G. Worthman, New York; Mrs. F. R. McKenzie, Stratford, Ont.; H. Opperman, New York; Will Thompson, Woodstock, Ont.; Harry Archbell, New York; Guion Roberts, 79 Nassau street, New York; Miss Warren, Garland, N. Y.; J. F. Archbell, New York.

Those badly injured are: Ezekial Davison, Fairport, N. Y., back hurt; Frank Rogers, Woodstock, Ont., hand injured; Mrs. Robert Vance, Simcoe, Ont., leg broken; William Thompson, Woodstock, Ont., head injured; Miss Belle Williams, Brockport, N. Y., ankle broken, head cut; Maggie O'Grady, Oswego, N. Y., right leg broken; C. F. Adams, Buffalo, N. Y., left hand injured; Mrs. J. Monroe, Auburn, N. Y., slightly injured; Jennie Stewart, 11 years old, Dalton, Ills., left arm broken; Albert Bradley, Toronto, Ont., leg amputated; J. Harvey Smith, Port Plains, N. Y., badly bruised; Mrs. J. Harvey Smith, shoulder blade broken; Frank H. Smith, leg amputated; Mollie Smith, bruised badly; Conductor Burk of No. 9, Port Huron, Mich., back badly injured.

Men Who Sell Mud.

CHICAGO, Oct. 23.—The men who handle dirt and find money in the business met in congress here. For three days the real estate men hold their session, and in that time they expect to settle any little legal or other troubles which real estate men, as well as the rest of mankind, are prone to have.

Robbed of a Large Amount.

AKRON, O., Oct. 23.—Jacob Wise, a hotelkeeper at Mogadore, this county, was robbed of $3,800. He received the money in payment for a farm and left it under his pillow.

THE WRATTEN BUTCHERY.

One Man Confesses and Implicates Six Others—Robbery the Motive.

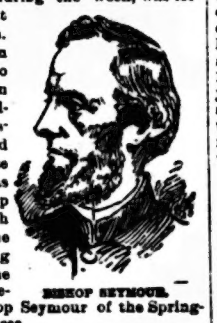
WASHINGTON, Ind., Oct. 23.—At last a man has been arrested who has given a full confession of the horrible Wrattten butchery which was committed near this city the night of Sept. 18. His name is James Stone. He is 30 years old, married, and has two children. His arrest was ordered after he had been examined by the grand jury. His wife was then summoned. She was on the stand about two hours. She testified that her husband was not at home until 4 o'clock the morning of the murder and that he had blood on his clothes, which he washed off at the spring near their home. Stone's sick daughter corroborated her mother's story. Stone was again called before the jury, and after several questions he broke down and made a complete confession that implicated six other men beside himself. Their names are Lon Williams and William Kays, who were arrested two weeks ago on a charge of the murder, and are now in the Jeffersonville prison; John White, Gibson Clark, Grandison Crosby, and Martin Yarbough. Robbery was the motive of the crime but the murderers could not find what they were after.

The Wrattens resided about nine miles from Washington, in Harrison township. They were well to do farmers. The husband was down with typhoid fever, but must have been asleep when the horrible deed was committed, for he lay on his back, his hands folded peacefully across his breast, with three ugly gashes in his forehead. Mr. Wratten's mother, aged 61, was evidently the first killed. She was lying upon the floor with both arms broken and a terrible struggle must have ensued. His wife was also found upon the floor and five feet from her lay her little daughter Stella, aged 6 years. The baby, 3 years old, was found murdered in the kitchen. Ethel, a girl 11 years old, showed signs of life, but she had her skull broken in two places. She died the following day.

EPISCOPAL MISSIONARIES.

Important Meeting of the Council Being Held at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 23.—The missionary council of the Protestant Episcopal church, which is to be in session at St. James' church on the north side during the week, was formally opened at that church. Bishop McLaren of the Chicago diocese made an address of welcome to the visiting clergy and laity, a response to which was made by Bishop Lyman of North Carolina, and the formal opening address of the council was presented by Bishop Seymour of the Springfield (Ills.) diocese.



BISHOP SEYMOUR.

The council is one of the most important bodies of the church. Its sessions are held yearly and its membership comprises all the bishops of the church, all the members of the board of managers, and other clergymen and laymen who may be chosen to serve by the general convention. It has control of all the missionary enterprises of the church, subjects to the general policy as outlined by the board of missions. It consists of seventy-five bishops, 260 presbyters, and 200 laymen.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL WRECK.

Two People Seriously and Six Others Slightly Injured.

CHICAGO, Oct. 20.—The New Orleans limited over the Illinois Central road was wrecked by colliding with a coal train three miles beyond Kankakee. Two persons were seriously and six others slightly injured. The following is a list of the injured: Seriously injured—J. J. Davis, Flippen, Ga., head cut, legs bruised and back injured; L. B. Saffer, Fisher, Ills., back hurt and internal injuries. Slightly injured—Mrs. R. B. Slayton, Wichita Falls, Tex., head bruised and left hip badly bruised; Mrs. T. F. Brown, Newton, Ills., left hip bruised and ankle cut; C. E. Little, Chicago, scalp wounds, right hip bruised and right leg crushed; J. W. Brown, baggageman, hip bruised and left ankle sprained; J. M. Marley, Piano, Ills., right hip and leg bruised, foot cut; J. E. Loiseau, Nashville, Tenn., cut on head.

National W. C. T. U. Officers.

CHICAGO, Oct. 20.—After calling the national Christian Temperance union convention to order in the morning, Caroline B. Buell, the presiding officer, asked to be relieved from the necessity of reading her report as corresponding secretary, as she was quite exhausted by her duties as presiding officer. Her request was at once granted and the report was promptly adopted without being read. The treasurer's report was then read and adopted. The convention then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows: President, Miss Francis Willard; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge; treasurer, Miss Ester Pugh; recording secretary, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens; assistant recording secretary, Mrs. Clara Hoffman.

Locomotive Boiler Explosion.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Oct. 23.—A boiler of a big mogul locomotive drawing a freight train on the Georgia Pacific, three miles north of this city, exploded, killing instantly Engineer William Mills and Fireman J. W. Buchanan. Neither body could be found until daylight. The trunk of Mills' body was found in the loft of a residence 300 yards from the spot where the explosion occurred, having crashed through the shingle roof and landed where it was found.

Case of Mistaken Identity.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Oct. 23.—At attempt was made to hold up the 'Frisco passenger train which left Fort Smith, but a freight which preceded the passenger train was mistaken for the latter and held up. Five or six officers were placed on the following passenger train, but no effort was made to hold it up.

He Commanded the Irish Brigade.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—General Denis F. Burke died here at the sanitarium on West Forty-first street. He had been ill for some time. The dead general was a veteran of the rebellion. He commanded the Irish brigade which went to the front from this city.

Executed by Electricity.

DANNEMORA, N. Y., Oct. 23.—Martin Foy, Jr., murderer of Henrietta Wilson, was executed by electricity at the prison here.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST REPORTED BY TELEGRAPH.

Happenings in the Prairie State During the Past Week Which Are of Interest to Our Own People—Crime, Casualties and Other Matters Given in Condensed Form.

SHELBYVILLE, Ills., Oct. 20.—The celebrated Atterberry murder case came up in the circuit court. Both sides announced themselves as ready for trial, and steps were at once taken toward securing a jury. The case has been widely published and it will therefore likely be a difficulty task to secure a jury. David Atterberry owned a farm of 240 acres four miles from Mowaequa. He was 62 years of age. On Monday evening, Nov. 23, 1891, while en route to his home from that town, he was fired upon and killed.

The announcement of the murder created great excitement and an investigation by a coroner's jury resulted in the arrest of the two sons, Grant and Edward, for the commission of the crime, the supposed motive being to prevent the old gentleman from contracting a marriage obnoxious to them, and they were placed in the county jail, where, after a few months' confinement, Edward went daft and was removed to the insane asylum at Kankakee, where he still remains. But Grant retained his reasoning faculties and has ever since been an inmate of the county jail. He is a young man about 30.

Conflagration at Varna, Ills.

VARNA, Ills., Oct. 23.—Varna, a junction point on the Chicago and Alton, ten miles east of Lacon, is a mass of smoke and ashes. Fire wiped out the business portion of it, the excited villagers being compelled to stand around helpless and see building after building go, including a bank, two elevators containing 40,000 bushels of grain, a lumber yard and thirteen store and office buildings. The postmaster saved the letters, but lost his stamps and papers. Careful estimates put the total loss close to $45,000, while the insurance is only $30,000.

Train Crashes into a Buggy.

CHICAGO, Oct. 23.—A Lake Shore and Michigan Southern passenger train, drawn by engine No. 460, bore down on a buggy on the Twenty-seventh street crossing, completely demolishing it and instantly killing one child and injuring a youth and another child. The dead are: Ella Bahr 131 Spring street, 8 years old. The injured: John Pupple, 379 Twenty-fifty street, 19 years old, face and head bruised, taken home; Irene Norris, 381 Twenty-fifth street, 8 years old, head cut and internally injured, taken home.

Missing Man Found.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 23.—The excitement in Springfield attendant on the mysterious disappearance of George M. Brinkerhoff, a wealthy and prominent business man of this city on the night of Friday, July 28, from an Illinois Central train, while on his way home from Chicago in company with his daughter Marian, was reproduced by the return of Mr. Brinkerhoff to this city. His son found him in Toledo, O., in a precarious condition both mentally and physically. He can give no connected account of his wanderings.

New Railway Proposed for Elgin.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 23.—Articles of incorporation have been filed with the secretary of state of the Lake Shore, Riverview and Elgin Railway company. The object is to construct a railroad from a point on Lake Michigan between Rogers Park and Evanston, Ills., to Riverview on the Wisconsin Central railroad and thence to Elgin, Ills.

Afraid of Meeting Disaster.

CHATSWORTH, Ills., Oct. 23.—The teachers of the Chatsworth public schools had perfected all arrangements to take the pupils for a visit to the World's fair. Hearing of the Illinois Central railroad wreck near Kankakee, and as that was the road over which they were to go, they became frightened and staid at home.

Illinois State Fair.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 23.—The Illinois state board of agriculture has decided to locate the state fair permanently and has issued a public call for bids from cities desiring the permanent location, and also announces the requirements that must be fulfilled by the city receiving the location.

Dragged to Death by a Mule.

HILLSBORO, Ills., Oct. 23.—Joseph Doll, aged 10 years, residing southwest of here, was riding a mule when the animal became frightened, throwing the boy off. His foot caught in the harness and he was dragged head downward for a distance of two miles and killed.

Illinois Miners Return to Work.

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 23.—The striking miners of the Springfield sub-district met here and decided to return to work on the terms offered by the operators previous to the strike—40 cents per ton gross. The strike affected 1,200 miners.

Three Persons Fatally Shot.

ATHENSVILLE, Ills., Oct. 24.—In a row at a dance near here William Griffith fatally shot Martin Flynn and Dennis Flynn. A shot also fatally wounded Robert Wyatt, a boy of 15.

FEMALE COLLEGIANS.

Those at the Wesleyan Boycotted by the Sterner Sex.

MIDDLETON, Conn., Oct. 23.—The girl students at Wesleyan college are called "quails." This is a term the boys applied to all the females entered. When Wesleyan first opened her doors to young ladies there was no opposition. They have increased so much, however, that their influence is being felt in college affairs, athletics, etc. Twenty-five per cent, of the freshman class this year is of the fair sex, and the ratio in the whole college is 1 to 5. The feeling against them has increased. Webb hall, the girl's dormitory, is known as the "Quail Roost." But this is not all. The boys have organized the "P. D. Q." society, the object of which is to "put down the quails." The method adopted by the society is similar to the boycott. Girls will not be invited to any entertainments and will not receive any consideration whatever. Any boy seen in the company of a girl will be worse than hazed.

Say Read's Fortune Has Vanished.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—It is said by a morning paper that Cassius H. Read is practically penniless. Twelve years ago he was the principal owner of the Hoffman House and was reputed to be worth $1,000,000. His Far Rockaway hotel was sold under attachment Oct. 13.

THE NEWS CONDENSED

Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

George Waterworth has been arrested at La Salle, Ills., charged with a daring robbery at Ballard, Ills., some time ago.

Myrtle Wickoff and James Hall attempted to cross the Rock Island track, near Cincinnati, Ia., in front of a train. Hall and both horses were killed and Wickoff sustained severe injuries.

Harry Roman of Oshkosh, sentenced for life from Waupun, Wis., for murder, has been pardoned. He has served twenty years.

Sheriff Scott of Terre Haute, Ind., went to sleep on a train while taking a prisoner to the penitentiary and the latter escaped.

Mose Schwartz of Louisville, Ky., has been sued by the German Security bank, charged with concealing negotiable securities.

Judge Ross, of the United States court at Los Angeles, Cal., sentenced two more Chinamen to be deported.

The Mercantile Trust company of St. Louis, with a capital stock of $1,000,000, has decided to wind up its affairs and go out of business.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen, with Captain Kindersley, have left Queenstown for Chicago.

* * *

Charles Kahler was arrested at Forest, Ills., charged with perjury in swearing that his young bride, Alice White, was 18 years of age.

The sixteen Tennessee militiamen accused of lynching Richard Drummond at Coal Creek have been released on bonds.

Thomas Davidson, Jr., of Allen county, Ind., has been sentenced to life imprisonment for killing his uncle.

The lifeless body of Daniel Minor of Monroeville, Ind., was found lying across the footboard of his road cart where he had been thrown and kicked to death by a runaway horse.

On solicitation of the Chicago stockholders, Judge Shiras has ordered the property of the Iowa City Packing and Provision company sold Nov. 12.

Washington I. Sterricker of Elgin, Ills., despondent from loss of business, attempted to cut his throat. His wife interfered and he will recover.

* * *

United States man-of-war Mohican arrived at Port Townsend from Behring sea with five officers and seventeen men sick with the grip.

With the change in municipal administration at Indianapolis Mayor Denny finds nearly one thousand applications on file in his office for places, and 1,580 applications have been filed for appointment on the police and fire department forces.

Mrs. R. R. Jones of Stockton, Kan., who had been declared insane, committed suicide by hanging herself in a vacant building near her own home.

Joseph Miles was arrest at Wapakoneta, O., for passing stolen postal notes. His pal, who had a valise containing a number of bogus notes, escaped.

B. P. Majors of Oswego, Kan., while unloading hay, accidentally fell to the ground, breaking his neck.

John Dipert of Winamac, Ind., aged 80, fell from a wagon and the wheels passed over him, causing death.

The president of Guatemala has declared himself dictator, dissolved congress, and ordered a new election.

* * *

Dr. W. B. Shumaker, a prominent citizen of Ackerman, Miss., was killed by W. H. Heflin, against whom he had preferred charges of keeping a "blind tiger."

The fire at the Baltimore city jail last Friday night has so far resulted in the death of three colored men.

The St. Paul park board has $50,000 at its disposal, which it has voted to expend for the services of the city's unemployed.

Controller Eckels has appointed Daniel W. Keuisher of North Manchaster receiver of the First National bank of North Manchester, Ind.

Claud Girard, an old Frenchman, was found hanging on a farm near Chilton, Wis. He was 87 years old.

Welcome Wood, a farmer, accidentally and fatally shot himself in the left side while hunting near Elkhart, Ind.

By the caving in of a sewer in Cincinnati Joseph McCarthy, a digger, was killed and George Elsenhorffer hurt.

J. J. Brown, a farmer, of Brazil, Ind., was crushed to death while hauling logs.

* * *

William Mahoney, a convict, who walked out of Texas county, Mo., with a Winchester rifle on his shoulder defying arrest, was captured at Summerfield, Ills. He will be sent back to Missouri.

William Rhoda of La Porte, Ind., attempted to leap from a train in motion and was killed. He was 80 years of age and leaves a widow and two children.

Edward Evans and Charles Simpson, burglars, attempted to escape from an Indiana penitentiary but were caught.

Burglars wrecked the store and postoffice at Oakley, Mich., trying to blow the safe open, but were unsuccessful.

The cruiser Columbia made a successful unofficial trial trip. It maintained a speed of 21 5-10 knots per hour, a half knot in excess of the government's requirements.

Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:

Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by Erysipelas. We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. A. DOOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 28, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—M. Coquelin and Mme. Jane Hading.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Stubbs."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Henry Irving and [illegible].

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Brother John."

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Lady Windermere's Fan."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Robert Mantell.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Lost in New York."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE ABERDEENS AND THE BRITISH FLAG.

While ever there was money to be made out of its display, the Irish flag had its inning at the Aberdeen (bogus) Irish Village on Midway Plaisance. The aristocratic British promoters of the enterprise, who, according to their public utterances, came here not as Lord and Lady Aberdeen, in the social sense, but merely as "drummers," to drum up trade, did not have the courage to fly the British flag from the ramparts of the bogus Blarney Castle, with its bogus blarney stone, at the start. They waited, like double-dealers and ingrates, until the Irish-American cow was pretty well drained of its milk, and then, for political effect in England, ran up the odious ensign of the British Empire, just to show their contempt for the Irish and for common gratitude and decency, in true-born British fashion. This insult was not allowed to pass unnoticed, because there are always Irishmen who follow the British drum-beat around the world, and who are always the enemies of the British flag wherever it happens to be displayed, but more especially when it is displayed with malice aforethought, as a badge of superiority and conquest. It has been waving to its heart's content over the British government buildings, and the British manufacturing displays, and from the special pole reserved for it at the Administration building, since the beginning of the Fair. This, in all conscience, ought to have been enough without obtruding it on the alleged Aberdeen Irish Village, which became more alleged than ever after its obtrusion.

The Chicago *Tribune*, when it was announced from England that Lord Aberdeen had been censured for not displaying the British flag over his wife's village, remarked editorially, in effect, that his action was wise and that such a display would be regarded, very justly, by the Irish people as an insult. And when some of the Irish people objected to the merely commercial character of the green flag that was floated over "Blarney" Castle, Mrs. White, representing the Aberdeens, ordered an Irish national flag to be displayed, in order that general satisfaction might be given. That, however, was at the outset, when all the money was yet to be made out of the patriotism of the Irish-American people. Now, it is quite a different thing. The Irish have been used for all they were worth, according to the Aberdeen idea, and the British flag had to be displayed by them as a parting kick to their good natured dupes. But that kind of a game cannot be worked twice. The Irish-American people, as a class, care nothing for the "condescension" of the Aberdeens and their ilk. The British aristocracy have been the consistent enemies of the Irish people, and, even when they do a good turn, they cannot refrain from spoiling it by ungracious and ungenerous action. Between the British aristocracy and the Irish people there is an impassable gulf that nothing can ever bridge over. The very title of "lord" or "lady" should fill every sensible Irishman, or Irish woman, with disgust and distrust. THE CITIZEN is sorry to have to observe that some of the sons and daughters of Irish peasants, driven from their fathers' homes by the British aristocracy, aided by the process-server and the sheriff, were among the most obsequious slaves that cringed the pregnant hinges of their knees before the Aberdeens, who met their servility by ostentatiously declaring that they were here merely as drummers for trade, and not in any social or official capacity whatever.

Five times during last week, the British flag, which was attempted to be flaunted over "Blarney" Castle, was hauled down, and trampled in the mud, by indignant Irishmen, who have THE CITIZEN'S warmest thanks for their action. It was put up in a spirit of insulting bravado, and was treated exactly as it ought to have been, under the circumstances. If it had been displayed at first, the Irish-American people would have been able to estimate the Aberdeens at their proper worth, and their bogus village would have been signally boycotted. Instead, they preferred, "lord" and "lady" as they are, to obtain support under false pretenses, and reserved the display of the British flag, with true Scotch thrift, until not much money could be lost by the operation.

In an interview with a reporter for the Chicago *Tribune* the other day Lady Aberdeen—we will give her the title for the sake of identification—pretended to think that the hauling down of the British flag was merely "a prank." She even went so far as to deny that it was cut down at all, when every paper in the city specifically declared to the contrary. But what is the statement of mere "Yankee" reporters to the word of a British "lady?" Nevertheless, the British flag *was* cut down, and we suppose Lady Aberdeen imposed upon herself when she denied it. She further said that the flag was put up in honor of Lord Aberdeen as governor general of Canada. What had that to do with the Irish Village? It was enough to fly the Union Jack from the Canadian building. Ireland has not yet fallen so low as to be the province of a province. In addition, Lady Aberdeen said that the British flag should fly over the village as long as they (the Aberdeens) remained in Chicago, no matter what measures had to be taken to protect it. This is the good old British bully spirit over again. Well, the British may be bull dogs, but they are no more so than the Irish when the latter get their blood up, and THE CITIZEN congratulates the Aberdeens on their rapid and masterly retreat to Canada before they provoked any further demonstrations of the Irish-American people of this city against the British flag. The Irish-Americans utterly refrained from molesting that emblem, while it was displayed in its proper place, but an Irish village was not the proper place in which to display it, and the Aberdeens displayed poor taste, and worse sense, in forcing the issue. They certainly have made no "capital" out of it, and we hope the Irish press, in Dublin and elsewhere, will tell the whole truth about the discreditable attempt made to insult their kindred in this country by the Scotch mutual admiration society.

CATHOLIC EDITORS DISCIPLINED.

A dispatch from New York to the morning papers, under date of Oct. 19, alleges that at a recent meeting of the archbishops in that city the bad little boys of the Catholic press, in this country, were hauled over the coals because of their perverse habit of freely criticising personages who, from a Catholic standpoint, should be above criticism. THE CITIZEN, which is a secular paper, and which has never assumed to itself the privilege of governing the Catholic church in America or elsewhere, has been frequently shocked by a levity of expression in the editorials of its pious sectarian brethren when dealing with sacred persons, and no less sacred theories. A Catholic editor has no business, particulary if he is a layman, to be independent in such matters. He should curb his haughty temper and hold his tongue, or his pen, when bidden to do so, or else he should quit calling himself a Catholic editor. THE CITIZEN is sorry to be compelled to say that the average Catholic editor is sadly deficient in the quality of humility. He sets himself, in too many instances, above the Pope and the whole college of Cardinals. Although not always ordained to fulfill sacred functions, he is constantly criticising those who are so ordained, not, indeed, upon secular matters, in which he generally agrees with the prelates of the church, but in religious matters which belong alone to the Lord's anointed—who do not write for the press. THE CITIZEN is not surprised, therefore, to find that the prelates of the church have taken notice of this state of things, and have deemed it necessary to "call down" the newspaper Popes, Cardinals and prelates generally of the American Catholic press. THE CITIZEN is in entire sympathy with this salutory discipline of its erring brethren, and sincerely hopes it may have a good effect upon their future editorials. They really need to have their thoughts turned into a new channel—widened and deepened,—so as to allow a smooth flow for the constricted waters of their intellects, which now brawl and babble over rocky beds.

THE CITIZEN, although as we have said, a secular paper, and therefore, no doubt, lacking in the odor of sanctity which perfumes so many Catholic editorial sanctums, may be permitted to say, in all humility, that it has never been guilty of the presumption of dictating to the Pope, the Cardinals, the prelates generally or the priests, the course they should pursue, in order that the faith may be even wider spread; although it has several times criticised his Holiness, the Cardinals, the bishops and the priests when they went beyond their sacred jurisdiction and entered the field of politics. Therefore, it notes with particular relish, that its pious brethren of the Catholic press have had their attention called, by the archbishops, to decrees 230 and 231 of the Third Plenary Council, held at Baltimore as follows:

"It is a source of sadness and humiliation to us that our position forces us again and again to caution editors of Catholic newspapers that neither they themselves nor those who assist them should attack ecclesiastics, and above all, bishops; nor should they constitute themselves the judges of episcopal decisions, decrees and other such matters pertaining to the administration of a diocese, or find fault with them, and thus expose them to the ridicule of the faithful and non-Catholics. Rather let them heed the words of the apostle and learn to be obedient and submissive to superiors. Let them by their words and by their example teach that authorities be properly respected. They may well recall the wisdom-fraught counsels of the great father and teachers of the faithful.

"Above all let the name of bishops be sacred among Catholic writers, for to them reverence is due because of their high office and dignity. Nor let them think themselves privileged to examine critically what divinely appointed pastors, in exercise of their power, have established, for such conduct disturbs good order and creates intolerable confusion. This reverence, which no one may neglect, should shine as an example in Catholic journalists. And lest the present evil, a daily growing source of scandal to Catholics and others, should continue to flourish, we judge it well to meet it not by cautions and advice merely, but also by ecclesiastical penalties, wherefore, for the future, laymen or clerics who themselves or through others associated with, or encouraged, by them, in public print assail by wanton words, ill-natured utterances, railleries, those in authority—much more if they presume to carp at or condemn a bishop's methods of administration—all these principals, partners and abettors, disturbers, contemners and enemies of ecclesiastical discipline, as they are, we declare guilty of gravest scandal, and thereby, their fault being proved, deserving of censure."

THE CITIZEN hopes that the bad little boys of the Catholic press will take their punishment good naturedly and not offend again. The lay editors, in particular, who are so fond of meddling in matters ecclesiastical, are Presbyterians in spirit, if not in fact, and should carry their ideas to a legitimate conclusion by becoming members of the church which had for its founders such mighty busybodies as Calvin and John Knox. Of course, they might become impaled on the "points" of Presbyterian dogmatism, but, after all, that would be a milder fate than to be scorched by the indignation of the Catholic prelates for interfering in matters which should not concern them too much.

NOTICE.

The subscribers, advertisers, and friends of THE CITIZEN in general, are hereby notified that Michael D. O'Brien is no longer connected with this paper in any capacity whatever.

THE JUDICIAL CANDIDATES.

The efforts of the Hon. Thomas A. Moran, and other prominent Democratic lawyers and business men, on behalf of Judge Gary, are producing good fruit already. They have the effect of taking off the partisan aspect of the judiciary battle, and, no doubt, Judge Gary will receive a very strong Democratic support. Mr. John Gibbons is also making a vigorous campaign, and so is Mr. Patrick McHugh, who is one of the oldest practicing lawyers, in point of years of service, in the city, although he is still in the prime of life. The other gentlemen who seem to be most active on both tickets are Elbridge Hanecy, Edmund W. Burke, Edward O. Brown, Lawrence P. Boyle, and J. H. Kraft. There seems to be decided opposition to the last named candidate in both parties; but, nevertheless, he is aggressively active in the canvass.

THE "Rev." Mr. Kane, grand master of the Orangemen of Ireland, said, in a speech at Belfast, on Tuesday, that the Irish-American was "the most atrocious desperado on the earth." Thank you Mr. Kane. It may not be out of place to remark, in this connection, that "you're another."

SOME time ago Dr. Reichel, the Protestant bishop of Meath, issued a prayer to the effect that the Lord be implored to save the country from the horrors of home rule. He has now addressed a pastoral to his people, recalling the prayer, as it is no longer necessary owing to the rejection of that measure by the lords, and substitutes in its stead a thanksgiving for the "preservation of the empire from dismemberment, and Ireland from rapine." How rabidly loyal these Anglican prelates can be at times! Their ribaldry is a caricature on Christianity.

AMONG the candidates for the judgeship of the Superior court is Mr. Edward O. Brown, a thoroughly accomplished lawyer, and a gentleman of the highest standing in both social and political life. Mr. Brown is a native of Massachusetts, and has been a resident of Chicago for the last twenty years. In 1881 he married Miss Nellie, sister of Messrs. H. R. and E. E. S. Eagle, both widely known in the commercial circles of this city. Mr. Brown is making a vigorous canvas, and is fully confident of election.

WHILE the British flag was displayed over Blarney Castle, Mrs. White was compelled to close up shop, for fear of a riot.

MICHAEL DAVITT, before Judge Boyd, in the Bankruptcy court, Dublin, has been adjudged not bankrupt. The Judge, in giving his decision, said that the pastoral of Bishop Nulty, issued at the time of the North Meath election, when Davitt was elected over Mahony, was "the most shocking piece of intimidation he had ever read."

LORD ABERDEEN, flying back to Canada on a limited express, sings:

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
Where chiels gang on a jaggie,
Chicago hauds sharp Irish deils
Wha wad na 'bide my flaggie:
They pu'd it frae the tall staff down,
And tramp'd it till 'twas saggie,
The carlin Queen will scratch my een
In rage aboot her flaggie!

THE Irish language is still proscribed in Ireland by act of parliament. A sturdy Cork farmer, named Shemus Gleeson, was fined a few weeks ago by the magistrates for having painted his name and residence in Gaelic on his dog-cart! The authorities warned him that he should employ English on his carts for the future. This petty persecution is most unjustifiable. Shemus, however, refused to give up the old tongue. He "will stick to it," he said, "through thick and thin." Bravo, Shemus!

MR. M. J. KELLY has made an excellent county commissioner and his friends in both parties are actively engaged in forwarding his interests.

THE North British *Daily Mail*, a Gladstonian organ, discussing the present condition of affairs in Ireland, says: "The miserable squabblings and bickerings, now going on among the Irish party, are doing more to injure the home rule cause than all the efforts of Tories and Unionists put together." In Ireland unfortunately, just now, to quote the lines of Macaulay.

"Every one's for faction,
But none are for the state."

MR. REDMOND'S action in regard to independent opposition is already doing good work. A dispatch from Dublin, dated Oct. 24, says: "Mr. Herbert Asquith, the home secretary, is in the city consulting with the Right Hon. John Morley, chief secretary for Ireland, relative to the release of Irish political prisoners and a bill for the relief of evicted tenants."

HOME RULE is to be hung up to dry on the parliamentary peg till 1895. So says Secretary Asquith of the Gladstonian cabinet, and what the secretary says Mr. Gladstone will swear by. Ireland is to be sacrificed to the war of parties—at least for another year.

MR. JOHN BARRY, M.P. for Wexford, speaking in Ireland recently, delivered himself of some very spicy tales-out-of-school. He told his audience that during the opening of the parliamentary session of 1892, at a meeting of the Irish party, Mr. William O'Brien proposed John Dillon as the leader, vice Justin McCarthy. O'Brien's motion was supported only by nine votes, and was consequently lost. The McCarthyites don't seem to be a very happy family.

KAISER WILLIAM has appointed the Prince of Naples captain of the 145th Infantry regiment, of which his majesty is colonel. King Humbert is now expected to nominate William to a colonelcy of a regiment of Bersaglieri. And so the farce goes merrily on!

MR. JOHN DILLON is an authority for the statement that the number of Irish evicted tenants amount to 5,000. Including their families, they must now number 15,000 or 20,000 souls. And yet the Irish party is still wrangling over the release of the wretched Paris funds, which ought to be at once placed at the disposal of those unfortunate outcasts.

A PIQUANT story is going the rounds of the English press to the effect that the late O'Donoghue was an admiring suitor of the pretty Countess de Montijo, before she gave her hand to Napoleon III, and became the Empress Eugenie. The "smart" lady was wise enough to prefer a real crown to the legendary bauble that the chieftain of the glens offered to lay at her dainty feet.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, the Anglicised American, who aspires to become one day Duke of Manhattan, has taken Mr. George Moore, a son of the late George Henry Moore, M. P. for Mayo, under his gaudily golden wings. Mr. Moore is now running a serial story through the pages of William Waldorf's *Pall Mall Gazette*. And still that newspaper is being issued at a cost of $5,000 a week. The millionaire's purse is, however, comparatively speaking, fathomless, yet he may one day see the folly of continuing to pay the piper for the delectation of English Tories.

MRS. ERNEST HART is an Englishwoman born and bred, but she is a true friend of Ireland and the Irish. While loving her own country, for which no reasonable person can blame her, she has neither lied to the Irish people about her wares, nor insulted them by the display of a flag which always awakens in their hearts and minds bitter feelings and more bitter memories.

THE marriage of one of the Prince of Wales' daughters to the Czarovitch is quite a family affair. The Russian bear will not be prevented by any such union from giving British India that long promised hug, the effect of which on John Bull's nerves will be so painful and disastrous. Russia would not give up her hopes of possessing India for an entire cargo of royal princesses.

POOR old Kossuth is still clinging to life as by a thread. In a recent letter to a friend, the patriot-patriarch pathetically observes: "I am laid down by the burden of years, and my eyes grow dim." The glorious veteran has, however, completed the third volume of his memoirs.

PROF. TYNDALL writes about home rule like a lunatic. Scientists should stick to their own occupation as rigidly as cobblers do to their lasts. Scholars of the Tyndall type are very poor politicians anyhow.

LADY ABERDEEN having been interviewed, by request, at London, Canada, declared that "only a few roughs" demonstrated against the British flag being floated over her Blarney Castle, and that the great bulk of the Irish-Americans were "indignant" at the outrage! Well, well, Lady Aberdeen, a great writer of fiction was lost when you chose the field of politics. But we all know that British stateswomen, like British statesmen, put truth in the background when the interests of the "Impire" are at stake.

CARDINAL MORAN, whose ill health prevented him from visiting the World's Fair, left Europe for Sydney on the 20th inst. His "History of the Catholic Church in Australia" will be published before the Christmas holidays.

MR. J. J. DALTON, a brother-in-law of John E. Redmond, and an ex-Parnellite M. P., has been admitted to the Australian bar. He has abandoned the field of Irish politics.

MR. DILLON, in a recent speech, deprecated a public discussion of the Paris funds an the plea that such discussion would possibly interfere with the collection of money for the Irish cause in America. He might have said "certainly" instead of "possibly," and with more truth.

EMILE ZOLA, the pornographic French novelist, who recently made a short stay in England, expresses himself as being head and ears in love with that delightful country. THE CITIZEN is by no means astonished at M. Zola's tastes. He and Hodge ought to make very congenial bedfellows.

LADY ABERDEEN said, in an interview that she and her laird were going to leave Mrs. White "as a legacy," to Chicago, where she is to establish an "Irish" store. We wonder if the Aberdeens will be retained as "drummers" for the establishment.

THE French republic is now without a single living ex-president. The three predecessors of M. Carnot, Adolphe Thiers, Patrice MacMahon, and Jules Grevy have all passed away. In this country we have only one live ex-president. Has the curule chair a fatal effect on the constitutions of its former occupants?

RUSSIA is to have a squadron stationed in the Mediterranean for the future. John Bull is much alarmed over this contemplated move of his arch-enemy. He is consequently looking after the defenses of Malta and Gibraltar, and will not allow any kodak snaps to be taken of either of these possessions.

THE CITIZEN regrets to learn of the death of Captain Devlin, a resident of Melbourne, Australia, at the advanced age of 83 years. The deceased veteran was the son of Arthur Devlin, one of the leading heroes of the '98 insurrection, who was transported to Australia for the "crime" of high treason to the British crown.

MR. JAMES KILLELEA, President of the Hibernian Benevolent Society of Nashville, Tenn, the best known Irish Nationalist in the South, was in the city during the week doing the World's Fair. Mr. Killelea met a multitude of old time friends while here and had a good time generally.

"My Daughter's Life

Was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says Mr. B. B. Jones, of Alna, Maine. "She had seven running sores in different places on her body, but since giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla she has become well, strong and healthy."

TARIFF AND TIN PLATE.

[*To the Editor.*]

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 19.—The free trade papers insist upon telling their readers that there is no tin-plate made in this country, and that the duty under the McKinley bill is simply a robber tariff. According to the report sent out by the Democratic secretary of the treasury, there was produced in the United States during the last six months of 1891 2,236,743 pounds; the first six months of 1892, 11,409,976 pounds; the second six months of 1892, 30,709,216 pounds; and during the first quarter of 1893, 29,566,399 pounds. There are twenty-four firms manufacturing tin-plate, with $2,699,000 capital invested.

With proper protection, it is only a question of a comparatively short time when we will manufacture in this country all we use, instead of sending abroad each year for $21,838,526 worth, the average amount imported for the last five years. It will be with tin as it was with iron. A duty was put on railroad iron when it was $125 per ton. It was a protective duty, and today it is about $28 per ton, and is as cheap in the United States as it is in England. Prices are never reduced in this country except by home competition. If it was a fact that the price in this country of a given article that was protected by a duty, was the price of that article in England, with the duty added, railroad iron or steel would be worth here about $40 per ton. The duty on railroad iron or steel at present has no effect on the price; but it seems to prevent our markets being flooded by foreign products. Foreign manufacturers would be willing to sell their goods in this country for the next five years at a loss, if at the end of that time they could down our industries and control this market.

Europe buys our cotton and food products because she must have them. We foolishly buy her manufactured goods, to the neglect of our own industries, because her products are cheap. Her cheap labor enables them to produce goods, pay a duty of about 50 per cent, and still undersell our home manufacturers to the extent of several hundred millions every year. Take off the tariff and the only way we can compete with our foreign friends is to reduce the cost of labor.

The man that is looking for a job today will be responsible for whatever change there may be in the tariff and the consequent reduction in the price of labor. He was caught with the argument that if Cleveland and the Democratic congress were elected, he could buy a suit of clothes for $4 that now costs $14. The farmers were told that wheat would be $1.25 per bushel if we would elect Cleveland. Shut up our factories and let England do our manufacturing for us. England loves us so, that she would doubtless be willing, out of pure gratitude, to pay us $1.25 for wheat if we would only do away with robber tariff. Maj. William McKinley, of Ohio, represents the true American protective tariff principle, as opposed to the British free trade doctrine.

THE CITIZEN has always made a strong fight on behalf of American industry, and the battle it has so long, so ably and so intelligently made, and which it still maintains with unfailing courage and devotion, entitles THE CITIZEN to the gratitude of every lover of American liberty, and the gratitude of every intelligent Irish-American. A CITIZEN.

OBITUARY.

MR. DANIEL SPILLANE.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Daniel Spillane, which occurred at his residence in New Yoak on the 21st inst. Mr. Spillane was quite a young man, but had already secured a high and well deserved reputation as a writer on musical subjects. A volume dealing with the pianoforte appeared from his graphic pen some years ago, and had considerable success—winning him the heartiest encomiums from the entire New York press. Mr. Spillane was for some time past assistant editor of the *Key Note*, whose pages he often illumined with the products of his graceful imagination and intellectual mind. He was also a composer of much repute. The deceased author and journalist was born in Clonakilty, county Cork, some thirty years ago, and belonged to a family of strong Nationalist tendencies. Having received a solid and extensive education in a school in his native town, he crossed the Atlantic and settled in New York city, where his musical talents as well as his journalistic abilities soon won him ready recognition. He leaves behind a young and afflicted widow, and a mother, as well as a brother and sisters, all of whom are inconsolable for his loss. Light lie the American turf on the grave where he sleeps far from the hills and valleys of the carberes of Cork.

IRISH WORKS OF ART.

Irishmen will have an early opportunity of obtaining works of art which has not hitherto occurred. All the works of art exhibited in Donegal Castle will be sold. Among these are paintings by such well known Irish artists as Rose Barton McGuinness, Williams, Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Miller; copies of statues, busts and medallions by Bruce Joy; engravings of Irish crosses by O'Neill; sketches of Irish life by Paul Renouard; engravings of Irish scenery and Irish worthies; a gallery of portraits of great Irishmen; Tara, fibula and Celtic gold jewelry by West, of Dublin; altar furnishings by McLoughlin of Dublin; fine laces, beautiful embroideries, Celtic crosses, etc. Such a collection of Irish art and industry as Mrs. Hart has brought together in Donegal Castle has never been seen before in this country, and there is here a rare opportunity of procuring examples of work which is characteristic, but which is yet so little known, of the old country.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

A WILD RUMOR

In Regard to the Assassination of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, Recently Found Circulation in Rome.

The Assassin was said to Have been a Swiss Guard, but the "Lions of Lucerne" Carry Only Halberts.

Interesting Sketch of the Pontiff.

A murmur spread through Rome lately with the proverbial speed of ill-tidings, a murmur which softened an awed whisper in some quarters where the Pope is saluted as king, and rose to indecent glee in others, where the Pope is spoken of as "the long-eared of Carpineto." It was to the effect that His Holiness had been shot dead by one of the Swiss Guards. The tidings winged apace from the coffee-house to club and palace, and eager news correspondents hurried to the telegraph office to be first on the wires with their full, true and authentic messages of the event. But the flimsy was handed back to them. An interdict had been put on its transmission by the Minister of the Interior, who knew that the murmur was a base and foolish lie. This act of thoughtfulness should be credited to the Italian officials. As a fact the Swiss are equipped with halberds, except the pickets at the bronze doors and the door of St. Martha, who are supplied when on duty with Remington rifles. A Swiss intent on murder would have to sieze a firearm from the sentinelled rack, pass the gendarmes on service and probably many ushers and attendants before penetrating to the private room of the Pontiff. Nor is it at all within the range of likelihood that the elect of the Catholic cantons to whom Jules II, in the opening of the sixteenth century, accorded the title of defenders of ecclesiastical liberty, and who are so proud of being the Pope's body-guard, should lay themselves open to the suspicion of traitorism. They are picked for their steadiness and sobriety, and are loyal to their salt. Mutiny is unheard of among them, for they are of that easy temper which accepts the well-fed monotony of a life of gorgeous isolated lackeydom as a privilege. Should the unhappy necessity arise, no doubt they would die at their posts with the fidelity of the Swiss at the Tuileries in 1792; meanwhile they are quite able to grace a ceremony and relieve the sombre raiments of an ordinary congregation with lively specks of color. Most picturesque their garb is with its stripes of the primary tints of blue, yellow and scarlet, designed for gay contrast by Michael Angelo, and, truth to tell, the mediæval halberd is rather more in keeping with their ruffles and rosettes than the quick-firing breech loader. In full dress they wear armour of polished steel, but it is not likely that a miscreant would array himself in a coat of mail to assassinate a gentle octogenarian. The Captain Commandant of the Swiss is Count de Courten, the lieutenant the Commendatore Schmidt, and the sub-lieutenant Baron de Schauensee. They may be regarded as the State corps of the palace, something on the plan of our beef-eaters; but the services of security and police are entrusted to the Pontifical gendarmes, of whom there are 100, mainly recruited from natives of the former Papal States; their commander is Major Tagliaferri. They were nigh 2,500 before Cadorna breached the Porta Pia—a fine body of retainers and of exemplary behavior. But jealousy lurks under the baldric sometimes, and not long ago one of them slew a rival in the affections of a sweetheart in the city. The criminal hid in the provinces, where he was arrested, but in any case he would have been denied sanctuary in the Vatican. Had he been caught there he would have been taken into custody and given over to the Italian authorities. Crime of this nature apparently does not enter into the jurisdiction of the two learned doctors Zingarini and Bartoluco, who sit in the tribunal of the prefecture. The gendarmes were grieved as all worthy soldiers should be at the stain on their reputation. How much deeper would the horror of the Swiss have been had some recreant from their ranks cut the thread of life of his spiritual guide and temporal master.

Giocchino Pecci is over 83½. His is a rather tall, slim, aristocratic-looking figure, with thin hands, a powerful acute face, intellectual brows, wide, clearly cut nostrils, firm mouth and chin, lips rather thick. His eyes, searching, quick, thoughtful, are strong index to the character beneath. More than his white hair, or the furrows radiating from prominent nose to cheek, the almost transparent pallor of his complexion and the frailness of bearing convey the impression of age. His aptest description would be as a person of wiry build, with more vitality than physique. He is shown usually with a Voltairian mask, to which he rightly objects. Voltaire's is the leer sardonic; his the smile amiable, a smile which has in it a certain kinship to his speech in that it is slow and grave. He is one of the most cultivated in the latter line of Pontiffs; is skilled in classic Tuscan lore, being foremost among the students of Dante; has a nice taste in Latin versification and speaks French with singular purity for a foreigner. It is related that George I and Sir Robert Walpole transacted all their business in Latin. The same might be affirmed in a far wider sense of the Pope, for it is the habitual and consecrated tongue of the church, and the Latin he employs is both fluent and elegant, recalling the Augustan age. His theological learning is deep, as might be expected, but it has not dried up his nature. It is like the cold marble basin surrounding the fountain, from which gush waters sparkling and pellucid. He has the rare administrative faculty of adaptability—or rather, if I may venture to coin a word, adjustability—to circumstances. Thus, while respecting traditional monarchy while it respects itself, he is not slow to recognize republicanism at both sides of the Atlantic, either stable in the United States, promising in France, or betwixt and between as in Brazil.

Leo XIII was born at Carpineto, close by the Valesian Hills, in 1810. His father was Col. Count Dominick Louis Pecci. He was sent at 8 with his brother Joseph (who died a cardinal a few years ago) to the Jesuit's college at Viterbo, and at 14 entered the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics at Rome. In 1841 he was named to the governorship of Spoleto, in 1843 was consecrated titular archbishop of Damietta (a post now held by Cardinal Persico) and in 1846 translated to Perugia, but before he went there spent three years as Nunico at Brussels, and during that term made the acquaintance of Dr. Whately and Charles Lever, met Palmerston on a visit to London and heard Daniel O'Connell speak in the house of commons. He was in Perugia for many years, was proclaimed cardinal in 1853, witnessed the fight of the Irish company with the Sardinian invaders in 1860 and left for Bome in 1877, when he became Cardinal Camerlengo to Pio Nono and succeeded him in the chair of Peter in 1878. One of his most constant patrons throughout his career was Cardinal Sala, possibly some distant connection of the distinguished journalist, George Augustus, who speaks Italian like a Roman born, and has spent his vacations for many years in the Eternal City. In a Latin poem retracing the most interesting episodes in his career, the Pope refers to him:

"Addit moy animos et vires Sala secundus
Princeps romans murice conspicuus."

As Leo XIII comes of a long-lived race, it is possible, as Commander Ceccarelli, his late private surgeon, once declared, that he may outlive all the cardinals created by Pio Nono. In such case a commemorative medal on the pattern of that struck by Barberini for Urban III, inscribed, "You have not elected me, but I have elected you," might be similarly addressed to the Sacred College.—*John Augustus O'Shea in the Sun.*

FOR THE CITIZEN.

MACMAHON.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

I wonder did the banshee wail in the far-off Thomond valleys
When he, the chieftain, died—
Where his sires are sleeping peacefully beneath the dewy shamrocks
By Shannon's rolling tide?
Say, didst thou see the shadows sweep the ruins of Kinkora,
Draping each mountain's head,
While through the pines all leafless the autumn winds were sighing
A requiem for the dead?

What feats of worth and valor were indellibly engraven
In characters of gold
Upon his life; his triumphs on the sands of Arab deserts—
His fights and forays bold!
Old Europe rang aloud to the echoes of his praises
When Malakoff was won;
While Vict'ry on Magenta crowned his brow with laurels brighter
Than the glory of the sun!

His gallant sword is sheathed today within its scabbard,
His soul to God has flown;
But a monument is rising o'er his consecrated ashes—
More lasting than a throne:—
'Tis the love of kindred nations, bound in loyal ties together,
For the departed brave,
Symbolized in France's Tricolor, in Erin's Emerald banner
That guard their hero's grave!

DEATH OF GEN. DENIS F. BURKE.

Brevet Brigadier Gen. Denis F. Burke—formerly of the Eighty-eighth Regiment of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher's "Irish Brigade"—died on Oct. 19, after a protracted illness at his residence, 452 West One Hundred and Fiftieth street, in this city. For several months he had been an invalid, but his death came at last as a surprise to his friends. The deceased officer was born in Ireland in 1841, and came to this country in 1855, engaging in the dry goods business in the wholesale house of the late A. T. Stewart, and with H. B. Claflin & Co. When the Civil War broke out he was in the employ of the latter firm; and having a good education was making fair progress. But, like all young Irishmen of his time, he was imbued with Nationalist principles, and when, in 1861, after the firing on the American flag, at Fort Sumter, Thomas Francis Meagher appealed, through the *Irish-American*, for "one hundred intelligent young Irishmen," to form a company to reinforce the Sixty-ninth Regiment, under Col. Michael Corcoran, Denis F. Burke was one of those who responded to the call, and marched as a private in Company K, to the defense of Washington. On the return of the Sixty-ninth, when Meagher started the organization of the "Irish Brigade," on the authorization of the State and National authorities, he appointed Denis F. Burke to a lieutenancy in the Eighty-eighth Regimentof Volunteers, of which he intended to assume the colonelcy himself—an idea that was superseded by his appointment as Brigadier. Gen. Burke served with the Eighty-eighth throughout the early campaigns of the Civil War, until after the disastrous affair at Fredericksburg, when the regiment was so reduced that it could muster only enough men to form two companies, when, with other officers, he was assigned to recruiting service in New York, and subsequently rejoined the regiment at the time of Grant's campaign, rising to the rank of lieutenant colonel. He was also brevetted as colonel, but was not mustered in with that rank, owing to the close of the war. Being an ultra Republican in politics, he supported Gen. Grant for the presidency, and was rewarded by being made a brevet brigadier-general of volunteers, and the more substantial appointment of deputy collector of internal revenue in the lower district of New York. Thenceforward his career was simply that of an active political worker on the Republican machine in New York to which to the last he remained attached. The newspapers are in error in stating that having gone to Ireland as a Fenian officer, in 1867, he was arrested there, and liberated at the instance of the United States government. It was the late Gen. Thomas F. Bourke who was arrested in the "rising" of 1867; and was in no way related to Gen. Denis F. Burke, and had fought on the Southern side in the Civil War. The writers for the daily press seldom think it worth while to be accurate on Irish affairs.

The funeral of Gen. Burke took place on Saturday morning from No. 485 West One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, at 10 o'clock. The body was taken to the Church of the Annunciation, adjoining Manhattan college, One Hundred and Thirty-first street and the boulevard, where a requiem mass was celebrated by Father Nolan. The sermon was delivered by Father McMillen, of the Paulist Fathers' church, West Fifty-ninth street. The Sixty-ninth Regiment Veterans, the employes of the Appraiser's Stores, the attaches of the Second District United States Revenue office, and delegations from several Irish societies attended the funeral. The interment was at Calvary cemetery.—*Irish-American.*

WASHINGTON COURT, C. O. F.

First Annual Entertainment at Apollo Hall, on Friday Evening of Last Week.

The first entertainment and ball of Washington Court, No. 286, Catholic Order of Foresters, was given at Apollo Hall, Blue Island avenue and Twelfth street, on Friday evening, Oct. 20. A large and appreciative audience gathered to enjoy the varied programme placed before them by the managers of the entertainment. The address of welcome was delivered by Mr. J. J. Ahern, Chief Ranger of the Court, who introduced the Rev. Father W. J. Cunningham. The reverend gentleman delivlivered a brief but eloquent speech, in which he congratulated the Court, and the Catholic Order of Foresters generally, on their progress and prosperity.

Miss Rose Kelly delivered a patriotic recitation in a manner that evoked the hearty applause of her hearers. Mr. Bartle McCarthy sang "Sweet Kitty Neil," with great effect. There was a well received piano sulo by Miss Josie Loughlin, who is a most promising performer. Prof. Delaney gave an artistic display on the Irish bagpipes, and was repeatedly encored. There were more acceptable songs by Mr. J. J. Phelan, the Etna Quartette, Miss Rosie Lutiger, Miss Annie Lichtenberg and Mr. J. Bramhall. Miss A. Brew delivered a stirring recitation, and there was another number on the bagpipes by Mr. James Twohey.

Mr. John F. Finerty delivered an address on the merits of beneficent organizations, saying how impossible it was for even the most humane of governments to look after the needs of the individual citizen. If the amount of money contributed yearly by benevolent societies were to be added to the expenses of government, the people would be appalled at the result. The mothers and sisters and daughters of the family were quite as much interested in the work of propagating organizations like the Catholic Order of Foresters as the men of the families. He paid a tribute to the grand charities and educational institutions of the Catholic church, and reminded his hearers that mainly to the early Catholics, the priests and the monks, was due the preservation of what remained of Grecian and Roman literature. This, too, was something that the enemies of Catholicity should not forget. Had it not been for the great and enlightened Fathers of the ancient church, the pagan and the barbarian would have dominated Europe, and retarded the march of progress for centuries. Not alone was it good Catholicity, but also good Americanism, to spread and foster the Catholic Order of Foresters.

Among those who were present at the exercises were noticed Messrs. P. J. Cahill, John Devlin, C. E Hildreth, M. J. Dolan, Dr. C. L. Moorhead, Leo P. Dwyer, J. H. Howard, M. Seblich, Mortimer J. Scanlan, Commissioners Byrne and O'Connell, John Croak, J. C. Cagney, Ald. Bidwell, Lieut. Colleran, Judge Dooley; Fathers Jennings and Cunningham, the Misses Stretch, the Misses Laughlin, Miss Murphy, Cleveland, O.; Miss Donovan and Miss Sullivan, M. J. Kearins, John P. Dougherty and others too numerous to mention.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Niagara Falls.

Next to the World's Fair, all our foreign friends want to see Niagara Falls, and in the minds of many, Niagara Falls is placed first. One of the first questions they ask an American either at home or abroad is about Niagara, but to many of us Niagara Falls is too near. Were it on the other side of the world, thousands of American globe trotters would hasten there, who pass it by now because they can go there any time.

The Michigan Central has made it, perhaps, too easy of access, for its through trains to New York and Boston run directly by and in full view of the great cataract, and those passing by daylight stop five minutes for passengers to view the Falls. The wise traveller, however, will stop over there as long as his time will permit, to view the beauties and the grandeur of the Falls under different aspects and from various points of view. The longer he stops the more he will find to repay him for whatever expenditure of time and money he incurs.

The Most Rev. Robert Knox, D. D., L. L. D., Protestant archbishop of Armagh and primate of Ireland and metropolitan, died from heart disease at noon, Oct. 23.

IRISH NEWS.

Leinster.

During the last few weeks alterations and improvements were being carried out at Greenstreet courthouse, Dublin, and in consequence of this the recorder has had to sit in the Nisi Prius court of the Four Courts. For the purpose of improving the sewerage arrangements it was necessary to make extensive excavations beneath the courthouse and on Thursday evening fortnight the laborers commenced digging down into a sewer running across the old prison yard, and they made a startling and unexpected discovery. They came across a large number of human bones, and dug up five skulls, some of them large and some small, as well as a large quantity of other bones. The workmen had now reached a depth of about twelve feet, and the point at which these human remains were discovered is just beneath the recorder's court, so that one can now well understand and even appreciate his lordship's frequent utterances upon the unhealthy odors that pervaded the courthouse. Newgate prison, an edifice of great historical interest, and occupying a large place not only in the annals of Dublin, but of the entire country, stood near the old prison yard, where the discovery was made; but as many of the skulls and bones were those of children, it is believed that the workmen have come across a portion of St. Mary's churchyard, and burial ground, which was attached to the celebrated St. Mary's Abbey, where Silken Thomas flung down the sword of state in the presence of the lords justices and commenced the rebellion which had such a disastrous ending. That the yard is the site of the old churchyard is almost certain, from the fact that the workmen are constantly digging up fresh quantities of bones, which they are heaping together in the corner of the yard.—*Kilkenny Journal: Oct. 11.*

Mrs. Catherine Murphy, Market Square, Athy, died Oct. 3 of paralysis.

A woman named Boundy, who was in the employment of W. A. McDonald, ex-M.P., was killed at Kilkenny station, on the Dublin, Wicklow & Western railway, Oct. 9.

Munster.

The Rev. Archibald McKinley, pastor of the Congregational church, Cork, has been dismissed from his charge on the ground, it is alleged, of his strong advocacy of temperance and his friendly relations with the Catholic clergy.

On Oct. 23 a deputation of tenants who had been evicted from their holdings waited on Mr. John Redmond, M. P., and asked him to approve of a project having as its aim the forcible taking of the farms from which they had been dispossessed. Mr. Redmond advised his visitors to wait until it was seen whether the government passed a reinstatement bill. He blamed the anti-Parnellites for postponing and trifling with this question, which has become the more difficult of settlement since the house of lords rejected the home rule bill.

Connacht.

Mrs. Larkin, late teacher Cappagh, Ballygay, died Oct. 7, fortified by the rites of the Catholic church. Some few weeks ago Mrs. Larkin was attacked with a stroke of paralysis, and did not rally. Her neighbors have good reason to mourn over her demise, as in her they have lost a sincere friend. The interment took place on Monday, Oct. 9. The family of the deceased had plenty of sympathizers in their sad affliction. Her remains were borne on the shoulders of four of her sons-in-law for a considerable distance before being placed in the hearse. Fully one hundred cars together with two thousand pedestrians formed the funeral procession. It was one of the largest ever seen to enter Mount Bellew. She was 67 years old.

On Thursday, Oct. 5, the interesting and impressive ceremonies of reception and profession took place in the beautiful chapel attached to the Convent of Mercy, Swinford. The young ladies received were Miss Ellen Brosnan, of Abbey Dorney, county Kerry, and Miss K. N. O'Riordan, of Tralee; while the black veil was taken by Sister Mary Margaret, daughter of Mr. H. Doyle, Ballymote, and brother of the Rev. J. Doyle, president Edmundstown College, Ballaghaderreen. In the absence, through indisposition, of the Lord Bishop Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, the ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Dean Staunton, D. D., P. P., Swinford, the vicar general of the diocese. Besides the large number of clergy there were also present many friends of the *religieuse.*

Ulster.

Bernard Hughes, J. P., died recently at Belfast. Throughout his life Mr. Hughes gave a liberal support to every movement having for its object the interests of religion and of country. A thoroughly earnest Catholic, while a devoted patriot, Bernard Hughes leaves to those who now mourn him, the memory of a good life and the glory of an honored name. Mr. Hughes' funeral took place on Saturday, Oct. 7, among those who were present being his lordship, the bishop of Down and Connor.

In accordance with the call of the Watch committee of the Ulster Defense League, issued on Oct. 9 last, a convention of the league met Tuesday morning, Oct. 24, in Ulster Hall, Belfast. There were present 500 delegates. The Duke of Abercorn was chosen president. Resolutions were adopted against Home Rule, and also resolutions of thanks to the house of lords for their rejection of the Home Rule bill. Col' Saunderson, M. P. for North Armagh, said that Ulster would willingly obey the laws passed by imperial parliament until that parliament should choose to cut Ulster loose from Great Britain. Then the Loyalists would feel no longer bound to obey. The Rev. Dr. Kane, Grand Master of the Orangemen, said no enmity existed between the Ulster Loyalists and their fellow countrymen, always excepting those who followed the priests blindly. The most atrocious desperado on the face of the earth, he remarked, was an Irish American, yet Mr. Gladstone had not scrupled to write a letter commending Irish-Americans. The men of Ulster held out the hand of friendship to those Catholic fellow countrymen who cooperated with them in maintaining whatever was worth maintaining. The convention elected a permanent league council of forty, ten of whom are Irish peers. Simultaneously with the above conference a conference of Unionist women was held. Mrs. T. W. Russell presided.

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ESTATE OF JOACHIM KRAATZ, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Joachim Kraatz, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of December, A. D. 1893, being the 18th day thereof. Dated Chicago, October 20, 1893.
WILHELMINA KRAATZ,
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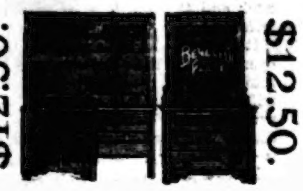
$12.50.  $12.50.
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THE OLD GARDEN.

[illegible] of loss that tells?
[illegible] as of yore?
[illegible] corals and green

[illegible]

[illegible] they rank on rank,
[illegible] as they have bloomed for years!
[illegible] Imperial on the mossy bank,
[illegible] unwarded tears!

[illegible] carpet now
The pale [illegible] waxen blossoms red?
[illegible] from the laurel bough
[illegible]?

[illegible] so, bereft so long
[illegible] blackbird mute for doubt?
[illegible] to the thrush's song?
[illegible] out?

Does the [illegible] show behind the hedgerow elms,
Black bars against a spectral sea of light?
Reigns o'er one star over the heavenly realms
King or a clear, cold night?

They bloom, sing, shine, our absence hindering not.
They are but waiting till ourselves have ranged
Enough, so we revisiting that spot
May find them all unchanged.

—Augusta de Grouchy.

THE SECRET DRAWER

Having nothing more to do while waiting for the clock to strike 3, he arranged his papers, laid his pens away in the drawer, and after casting a glance at his clerks drowsing in the neighboring room closed his desk.

He felt so gay, so light hearted, that he could have slid down the baluster of the somber ministerial staircase, but he contained himself, and saluting the concierge, who was surprised to see him leave so early, entered the Rue Royale, now bathed in sunshine. Certainly it was unusual for such a model employee to be abroad so early. Well, what was the use of remaining two hours longer in the office when there was nothing left to do but snip papers, kill flies or try to write plays for the theater, occupations that were equally uninteresting and unprofitable?

He was not long in reaching his home, for since his marriage he had lived in the Rue Royale itself. How surprised and pleased his wife would be to see him home so early! He entered stealthily on the tips of his toes, crossed the antechamber and stood in the parlor.

It was empty!

No one in the dining room, no one in the bedchamber nor the boudoir. Evidently she was in the garden, hiding to surprise him, or possibly swinging in a hammock, enjoying the fragrant warmth of the beautiful day. He ran there quick as a thought. He did not find his wife. This was getting serious.

Why should she have gone out? He knew of nothing pressing that could have called her away! It was understood that she was always to wait for him; if the beauty of the day had tempted her, she should have stopped at the minister's and told him as usual.

In the room everything reminded him of her. A vague perfume—her perfume—floated over all. A handkerchief thrown down on the edge of the toilet table, a pair of gloves, too soiled perhaps for use, left on the bedroom mantel, showed that she had gone out in a hurry, because she was so orderly generally, and everything had its place. There was another reason for believing that something unusual had called her away, or why were these trifles tossed about so carelessly? Tormented with doubt, his mind filled with vague suspicion, he sat down in the parlor and resigned himself to wait for her return.

But he could not remain quiet. After some moments he went toward the secretary and opened the bookcase above it. As the classics were in the back, he took out the volume in front, which he placed on a table at his side, and began reading a volume of Moliere.

The secretary was of ebony of the time of Louis XVI, ornamented with bronze open work. The desk leaf within was covered with stamped leather, and above it, hidden in the fretwork, was a false drawer. His wife was very fond of this piece of furniture, which he had given her one fete day about a month after their marriage. He had hunted a long time before he discovered it at an old antiquarian's, who assured him that it had remained in the possession of one family ever since it was made.

It was an elegant and graceful piece of furniture, and in spite of the high price Louis had not hesitated to buy it.

Then it was installed in the apartment during his wife's absence, and when she came in and saw it how she had flung her arms about her husband's neck and thanked him as only a true wife can!

It was indeed a little marvel. She had opened all the little drawers and poured into them the thousand and one little trifles that constitute a woman's treasure, and of which she is more proud than of her jewels, and she said, "This is my secretary," with all the jealous pride of a proprietor.

Louis soon found the passage he was seeking in Moliere, and it had diverted his mind. He was less worried than before. As he was replacing the books, one slipped from his hand, and in attempting to catch it he struck the molding on the top of the secretary. There was the sound of a click, and the front of the false drawer swung out, displaying a hiding place whose existence he had never suspected. His wife had never spoken to him about this, nor had the merchant who sold it, or he would probably have made it an excuse for raising the price.

Suddenly he saw a package of letters in the depths of this tiny closet. Here was a romance! No doubt these papers were precious documents and had been placed there during the Revolution. He undid the package and then started back. Instead of antique manuscript the the paper was quite new and the handwriting perfectly modern, so modern that the ink was still black. He was tempted to throw this package, which burned his hands, back in the drawer and put everything in order again, but curiosity was stronger than reason, and with a trembling hand he opened the first letter.

At the first word which he read a mist came before his eyes; he fell outstretched on the sofa. These letters without doubt had been placed there by his wife, who had said nothing to him about the secret drawer that he had discovered. What he believed to be the correspondence of a friend, written in response to those confidences which a young woman would be apt to make after marriage, was in a man's hand. And what other man but himself had a right to address her as "My darling?"

He opened the letters one after another. There was little variation in the way they began—it was either "My adored one" or "My well beloved."

Well, he would get at the heart of the matter, so he began to read one of the letters, the one first under his hand. This is what it contained:

MY DEAREST WELL BELOVED—When you informed me yesterday that they were forcing you to marry in order to forget me, that your parents obliged you to prefer my rival, I could not refrain from tears and reproaches. You know my love for you—that is my only excuse. Today I am coming to beg you to postpone this impossible union. Tell this man that you do not love him; that you can never love him. He will understand and retire. If he persists, then so much the worse for him! Fear nothing—I am not threatening you today I am calm. My whole happiness is in your hands. I await your answer with impatience, but confidence. With deepest love. JULIEN.

He passed his hand tremblingly over his forehead, looked around him stupidly, asking himself if this was not some frightful dream.

No, he was at home in his own parlor near his wife's secretary, and in his hand was a letter—a love letter.

Then Fabienne—his Fabienne? No, no! It was impossible! He threw the letter from him angrily. Then curiosity again seized him, and he took up one of the other notes—a short one containing only a few lines:

MY ADORED—When you receive these lines, I shall have left France. I shall not come back until you recall me. I cannot be the accomplice in a lie, or live near you and the husband they have forced upon you any longer. God grant that you may never have to repent. Farewell, farewell! A last kiss on the lips I adore. JULIEN.

This was too much. He rose with a bound, scattering the letters on the floor, where they fluttered like a flock of frightened birds. He staggered to the window to cool his burning forehead. He stood there for a moment stupefied, his eyes on the clouds, then began to walk up and down the room with nervous strides, like a caged animal.

After a while he sat down and reflected. It was true—Fabienne, whom he loved so much and in whom he had so much confidence, was like all other women! She had lied to him from the first. She had lied to him since, every day. All those little caresses and evidences of affection had only served as a mask for the basest treachery.

He had been too happy. It could not last.

How could she have deceived him so? How could a woman with a character so sweet yet so decided, who spoke so frankly, whose look was so pure and loyal—how could she stoop to such duplicity? How had she begun to play such a part when nothing in her way of living, in her language, her manner, betrayed secret preoccupation? By what power of will had she been able to conceal a mystery so deep and penetrating? Well, it was all over—this fatal discovery was the supreme blow. His life was broken forever!

As he sat there the panorama of his life passed before him. The days of his childhood came back one by one. He saw himself again running like a colt through the woods of his country home, startling his mother by the audacity of his exploits. Then one day his father's sudden death and the departure in tears. Years of battle followed. The little rooms in the Rue Truffant, with Lise, the old servant, who would not abandon them. Then college, with its long and tedious lessons, and finally the crowning step to success, his admission to the government office, where he made his way rapidly.

He recalled his meeting with her. It was in the house of an old friend of the family at a soiree. He was standing awkwardly in a corner of the room rubbing his white-gloved hands nervously together when she came in followed by a murmur of admiration. She raised her eyes, they met his, and the romance of his life had begun. Delicious memories followed—he loved to linger over them now as over a beautiful dream that cannot, must not be forgotten.

Seated here in his own parlor that had been the scene of so much happiness, a terrible sadness oppressed him. The romance was over; the book must be closed. He felt that awful sensation of the irreparable, that impression of emptiness which seizes one after a great misfortune—one on which our entire life depends. His anger fell, and he regretted that he had found these letters. Better to have lived out his days in peace and ignorance. How many husbands quite as unfortunate as himself in other ways were living in tranquillity, free from doubt. Cursed letters!

But what reason had he for thinking that they were written to her? They were not in envelopes. There was no address. Perhaps they belonged to a friend. It would be just like Fabienne to have taken charge of a secret correspondence to help one she cared for. But was he not a part of her? She need not have confided everything to him, but she might have spoken about it. Perhaps she had forgotten to or feared to anger him. Some day, no doubt, she would tell him all. He was ready to seize at any idea to dispel his suspicions, and as he reflected he recovered in a measure his spirits.

He made the resolution to return the letters to their hiding place, put everything in order and say nothing for the present about the matter. Then some day he would suddenly unmask his batteries, and his wife would be forced to avow her guilt or explain the mystery.

He gathered up the letters carefully and placed them in the secret drawer, fearing every moment that his wife might enter and surprise him. He looked at the clock. It was only an hour since he had come in, and yet it seemed as if he had lived years during that time. He hastened to arrange everything and closed the secret drawer. At that moment the doorbell rang. Just in time! It was probably his wife, who had forgotten her key. He felt a sharp twinge in his heart at the thought of meeting her face to face, but he hurried to let her in. Instead of his wife, whom he expected, a strange man confronted him, who addressed him by his own name.

"Sir," said the visitor, "I wish to speak to you particularly, and I shall be obliged if you will give me an interview of five minutes—if I do not disturb you."

This speech puzzled Louis, but he made a motion for the stranger to enter. He closed the door, and they sat down in the parlor.

The visitor was tall and sturdily built. His face, sunburned and weather beaten, showed that he was accustomed to a life in the open air. A red ribbon in his button hole indicated that he was an officer in the navy.

He cast a sweeping look about the room, then his face lighted up, and he said:

"I hope you will excuse this intrusion, sir, but the matter was of so much importance to me that I sought out your address and hastened here. I will come straight to the point. I beg that you will sell me, at any price, your ebony secretary."

Louis started in surprise and stammered out:

"Sir, what do you mean?"

"Oh, I know that my proposition is a strange one, but when you understand my motive you will pardon me. That piece of furniture which you bought from the dealer, who gave me your name, was sold at a time of need by a person"—Here the voice of the stranger trembled.

"By a person who through my fault was passing through a painful crisis. She had just lost her husband, who had squandered her fortune to the last penny, and she was forced to sell everything, even to the smallest trifle. This secretary, which has been in the family for a number of years, went with the rest. But she would only consent to part with it on condition that it could be bought back at the end of a year. As she did not appear at that time it was purchased by you. I was out of France at the period. Well, I came back and found my unhappy friend. Our first thought was to find the dealer and recover the secretary. I learned through him where it was, and here I am. I trust you will accede to my request, strange as it may appear."

"Sir," said Louis, "unfortunately that piece of furniture belongs to my wife, and she has filled it with her own things. I could not possibly disarrange it without consulting her."

The stranger grew pale. Then he said to Louis in a choking voice:

"Sir, do you know if your wife discovered a secret hiding place in the secretary?"

"What hiding place are you talking about?" exclaimed Louis, with feigned astonishment.

The stranger sprang toward the secretary and in a moment had opened the secret drawer, pointing at the same time to the package of letters.

"You will understand by this why I cherish this piece of the furniture. Those letters were written by me to the woman who today became my wife."

The words had hardly left his lips before Louis was feverishly tossing out pellmell the many trifles that filled the drawers and compartments.

"Take it," he cried. "Take it away, sir. I am only too happy to give it to you!"

When his wife entered a few minutes afterward and saw the parlor in such disorder and her secretary gone, she uttered a cry of dismay.

"Console yourself, my darling," said Louis, drawing her close to his heart. "That piece of furniture revived unpleasant memories. I promise you another—another more beautiful."

And he smiled through his tears so tenderly that she grew calm, not understanding his grief, but feeling that what had been done must be, after all, for the best.—Adapted From the French For Short Stories.

The Taupau Dance of Samoa.

The taupau of a neighboring village, specially enlisted as a first rate dancer, with four girl companions, formed the ballet. The taupau wore a marvelous headdress, resembling that of the youth who mixed the kava at Malie. Round her forehead was a band of small pieces of nautilus shell, above towered an erect wig of human hair which had been bleached for months in a marsh, little looking glasses were placed in front, and the whole was surmounted with a trail of red hummingbirds' feathers.

The effect was something between that of a miter and of a Persian king's crown, but part of the structure fell off during the exertions which ensued. Behind the girls sat three or four men, one of whom contributed the musical accompaniment by beating on bottles wrapped up in cloth. The others assisted in the chorus singing, but their part was a very subordinate one.

The performance of the five girls in front, who were at first seated on the ground, was exceedingly amusing. It consisted of a series of songs, mostly "topical," with a great deal of action. The taupau generally started with a solo, and the others presently joined in, swaying their arms and bodies backward and forward, touching each other's shoulders and moving their hands and fingers with peculiar grace.—Nineteenth Century.

Vaults of the Bank of France.

The treasures of the Bank of France are said to be better guarded than those of any other bank in the world. At the close of business hours every day, when the money is put into the vaults in the cellar, masons at once wall up the doors with hydraulic mortar. Water is then turned on and kept running until the cellar is flooded. A burglar would have to work in a diving suit and break down a cement wall before he could even start to loot the vaults. When the officers arrive the next morning, the water is drawn off, the masonry torn down and the vaults opened.—Philadelphia Press.

THE LADY IN WHITE.

A DOCUMENT RELATING TO THE HOHENZOLLERN GHOST.

It Was In the Possession of the Nostitz Family and Was Presented to Prince Frederick—Prince Ferdinand Saw the White Lady Before Saalfeld.

In one of the last issues of The Russian Archives, a well known magazine of the czar's country, appears the translation of a document which was added to the family archives of the Hohenzollerns by Emperor Frederick in 1870. It was sent to the emperor, at that time crown prince, at his request, by Count Nostitz, son of Count George Nostitz, a Prussian by birth, who entered the service of the czar and died a major general in 1888. The document relates to the "White Lady," the famous ghost of the Hohenzollerns, who is supposed to make her appearance just before the death of a member of the family.

Count Nostitz, Jr., was sent to Berlin in 1869, at the time of the centennial celebration of the order of St. George, to present King William, later Emperor William, the grand cross of the order. While the count was in the German capital Crown Prince Frederick learned of the possession of documents in the Nostitz family relating to the "White Lady." As everything in reference to the woman who has played an important part in the history of the Hohenzollerns deeply interested the subsequent emperor he begged the count to send him a transcript of the document. It read, according to The Russian Archives, as follows:

"In the year 1806 Count Nostitz, Sr., was adjutant of Prince Louis of Prussia. On the day before the battle of Saalfeld, the prince, with his officers, was at the castle of the Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. In the evening the guests were gathered in a large room of the palace. The prince was charmed at the idea of a coming contest with the troops of Napoleon. As the clock struck 12, the prince turned to Count Nostitz and said: 'How happy I feel today! Our ship is at last on the high seas. The wind is favorable.'

"He had hardly spoken when the count, to his great astonishment, saw the prince grow pale, spring up suddenly, draw his hands across his eyes, catch hold of the chandelier and a moment later rush into the hallway leading into the guardroom. Count Nostitz went after him and saw that the prince was following a white apparition, which suddenly disappeared through the wall. The prince examined the wall—there was no opening. As the prince heard steps behind him in the hallway, he turned and said to the count:

" 'Did you see it, Nostitz?'

" 'Yes, your highness, I saw it,' was the answer.

" 'Then,' continued the prince, 'it was neither a dream nor a ghost of the brain.'

"There was a third witness present—the guard—who declared that a figure wrapped in white had passed him. He had allowed it to do so because he had believed it to be a Saxon cavalry officer. The hallway had only two outlets—into the guardroom and the salon where the prince and his officers were gathered.

"The apparition made a deep impression on the prince. He said that he looked upon it as a bad omen, for the 'White Lady' only appeared to announce the violent death of a Hohenzollern.

"On the following day the battle of Saalfeld was fought. When the Prussian troops had been put to flight, Prince Ferdinand and Count Nostitz again saw the 'White Lady,' who stood on a hill and wrung her hands as if in despair. Count Nostitz put spurs to his horse and rushed up the hill, but the apparition suddenly disappeared. A few minutes later Prince Ferdinand received a mortal wound in an attack of the French cavalry. Count Nostitz tried to carry the prince to a place of safety, but was also wounded and sank senseless to the ground.

"Count Nostitz never spoke in all his lifetime of this occurrence save to his son, and to him he commanded secrecy. Count Nostitz was not superstitious."

Emperor Frederick sent a hearty letter of thanks to Count Nostitz, Jr., for the copy of the document, declaring that the family would always preserve it as a relic.—New York Tribune.

Electricity In a Fruit Tree.

The peculiar action of the electric current is sometimes very interesting as well as amusing. Mrs. M. E. Thompson, who resides on Williams avenue, Upper Albina, went into her yard the other day to gather some plums. The first one she touched gave her an electric shock. Again she tried to gather the plums, and every time she touched one she received a strong shock.

Unable to account for the occurence, she called in a neighbor, and she went through the same experience, and not a plum could they get. Mr. Menfee was called, and he started toward the place where the ladies were standing and came in contact with a clothesline full of clothes. In attempting to separate the clothes so he could pass, his hands came into contact with the line, and he received a shock that knocked him down. This led to investigation—made with great caution—and it was discovered that the electric light wire connected with the house was broken and had fallen across the clothesline, one end of which was attached to the plum tree. The line and clothes were da ip and formed a good conductor. Al when a plum was touched a circuit was completed and a shock received.—Portland Oregonian.

A Ridiculous Motion.

Patient—Doctor, when I bend my body forward, stretch out my arms horizontally and impart to them a circular motion, I always feel such a pain in my left shoulder.

Doctor—But what need is there for you to perform such ridiculous antics?

Patient—Do you know any other way, doctor, of getting on your topcoat?—Amsterdammer.

Submarine Photography.

A short time ago Mr. Louis Bouton brought himself to the knowledge of scientific naturalists by undertaking an exploring tour of the Red sea, from which he brought back a strange and curious collection of fish and shells, embracing several specimens entirely unknown. Continuing his researches on the coast of France, Mr. Bouton assumed a diver's costume in order to observe at the bottom of the sea the metamorphoses of certain mollusks impossible to cultivate in aquaria. He was struck with the wonderful beauty of submarine landscapes and resolved to photograph what he could, since a simple description would savor too much of an overvivid imagination.

At first he worked in shallow water with a watertight apparatus, and the clearness of the water allowed him sufficient light to sensitize the plates. But proportionally as the water deepened clearness diminished, and the motion of the waves clouded his proofs. Then the young scientist conceived the idea of utilizing magnesium in an apparatus of his own invention. This apparatus consists essentially in a barrel filled with oxygen and surmounted by a glass bell containing an alcohol lamp.

On the flame of the lamp, by means of a mechanical contrivance, powdered magnesium is thrown, flaring as often as a view is taken. The barrel is pierced with holes on the lower side in such a manner that as the oxygen diminishes the sea water enters, so preserving the equilibrium between external and internal pressure. By the aid of this machine he has already made great progress in a direction new to naturalists and one likely to confer permanent benefits in the results obtained by their science. —Exchange.

Historic Houses of Washington.

To most visitors Washington is only the seat of government, and interesting merely because of the department buildings, the White House and the capitol. Having seen these, with the National museum and the Smithsonian institution, tourists go away content. They do not pause to think that nearly all the great men of the nation have at one time or another had homes at the capitol, and have here done a very large share of the work that has made them famous.

Yet so true is this that no other city on this continent is so rich in historical associations, and these associations are in the homes of the capital. They cluster around houses that have sheltered the makers of the republic and are involved with those personal incidents that are the most fascinating part of history. Some of these spots are remote from the portions of the city now frequented by visitors.

Georgetown, which flourished before Washington was laid out even on paper, and whose older inhabitants still look down on all the region east of Rock creek with placid scorn, has a large number of fine old buildings, several of them richly stored with relics of the Revolutionary period.

Capitol hill, at the other extremity of the city, is justly proud of the fact that General Washington designed it to be the site of the great metropolis that should bear his name; that the capitol faces eastward; that every president at his inauguration takes the oath of office looking toward the dignified old part of the city and not toward the pretentious new part, of which Capitol hill feels an ill disguised jealousy.—Scribner's.

Bicycle Laws In Zurich.

A correspondent at Zurich, Switzerland, gives a translation from the daily paper of the city's laws concerning bicycling. Bicycling is only allowed upon written permission issued to competent riders. This permission must be carried by the rider. It contains his name, occupation, date of birth, place of nativity and address, and it costs 2 francs a year. Racing is forbidden, and in narrow streets the rider must dismount. Special stress is laid upon the speed of the machine.

On crowded streets, turning corners, the rider must go slow. He must not ride without using the handles of his machine to steer by. He must ring his bell in ample time, and if that is not heeded he must politely warn the pedestrian. Care must be taken not to worry or frighten the foot passenger. On a single seated bicycle not more than one person may sit. More than two bicycles are not permitted to ride abreast. On holidays, when the streets are crowded, bicycling is not permitted at all.

On the other hand, the bicycle shares with other vehicles the privileges of the road. Should the rider be the cause of an accident to a pedestrian he must dismount, render what assistance lies in his power and give his name and address to an officer, together with a written report of the matter.—Chicago Journal.

Reason For Rejoicing.

When Wesley and Nelson were traveling through Cornwall, from common to common, preaching to a people who heard willingly, but seldom or never proffered them the slightest acts of hospitality, they were frequently hungry.

They were detained some time at St. Ives because of the illness of one of their companions, and their lodging was little better than their fare.

"All that time," says Mr. Nelson, "Mr. Wesley and I lay on the floor. He had my greatcoat for his pillow, and I had Burkitt's 'Notes on the New Testament' for mine.

"After being here nearly three weeks, one morning about 3 o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake clapped me on the side saying: 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer! We have much to rejoice in. I have one whole side yet, for the skin is only off one side.'"—Youth's Companion.

Mistress and Maid.

"Marie, has any one called while I have been out?"

"Yes, ma'am; Mr. Pommier."

"Mr. Pommier? I don't know any one of that name."

"I know that, ma'am; it was me he came to see."—Domino Rose.

SENATOR BATE'S CIGARS.

Why He Never Lights the Costly Weeds He Always Uses.

William B. Bate, twice elected senator from Tennessee, never lights a cigar. He has always one in his fingers or between his lips, but no match is put to it. He is a familiar figure in the upper chamber—his abundant snow white hair, a carefully tended mustache of the same color, his stooped form and lined face, with massive underhung jaw, making him marked in an assembly of strong personalities. His advocacy of the "dry smoke," as it is called, and his habit of using 25 cent weeds as chewing tobacco, have continued for more than a quarter of a century. A story is attached. He is the last man in the world whom one would suspect of superstition, but his avoidance of matches is due to that part of our natures and to nothing else.

He entered the war as a private when his state seceded from the union, and rose through the successive grades of lieutenant, captain, lieutenant colonel, colonel, brigadier and major general. He had a taste of military life in the Mexican war and embraced the first opportunity to re-enter it. One day toward the close of the long and bitter struggle, when the two stars of the major general were on his shoulder, his corps, which was a part of the army of the Tennessee, was engaged in a battle in the mountain.

At that time he was an inveterate smoker. Always cool in action, his cigar case was as much a part of his makeup as his horse and saddle. Along toward noon, when the fire from the Federals under assault was particularly heavy and vicious, he moved up to an exposed position in order to give countenance to his men. His brother went with him. Senator (then General) Bate reached for his breast pocket and took out a cigar. He bit off the end with customary nicety, scratched a match on the back of his saddle and settled down in his stirrups to enjoy himself.

There was a shock in the air, the nameless indefinable stir produced by the close passage of a shell or round shot, and the match within two inches of the end of the weed went out. Shrugging his shoulders and preparing to get another light, he glanced about him. His brother, who had been sitting on his horse a little to the left and in the rear was a corpse. The ball had struck him in the chest. The horse stood unmoved. The man who was alive looked at the unlighted match between his fingers. He twirled it slowly a moment and then rode to the rear for an ambulance. The cigar he held in his hand for an hour or two and slowly chewed into bits.

From that day to this he has never known what it is to smoke. Some sense of danger providentially averted has been with him. It is possible that he has come to look upon the lighting of a cigar as a desecration of his brother's memory. Anyhow he does not light it. Day after day in the senate chamber or in the corridors of the capitol he may be seen with a cigar in his hand that is frequently carried to his lips, but is unlit. When it is worn down to a mere end, he takes another.—Washington Post.

The Joke Didn't Work.

A group of loungers were seated in a store when a coffee colored coon with sloping shoulders and ears at right angles to his head shuffled through the doorway.

"Hello, Pomp," said one of the loungers. "You're looking just like that lion I saw this morning."

"Lion!" said Pomp, with his hair on end. "Where was he?"

"In Jake Smith's livery stable."

"Sho! What'd he look like?"

"Oh, he had legs and body and long ears."

"Dat wasn't no lion, yo' poor white trash," returned the darky, disgusted. "Dat was a jackass."

"Well, you look just like him," answered the lounger, with a grin.

Pomp saw the joke, though he didn't like it to be on him. Just then a farmer entered the store, and the negro saw a chance to repeat the jest at another's expense.

"Morning, Massa Johnson," said he, "yo' look jest like dat lion I saw yes'dy."

"Where did you see a lion, you fool?" was the courteous response.

"Down Massa Smith's lib'ry stable. Had legs an body an big long ears."

"That wasn't a lion," said the planter.

"Den what was it?" asked Pomp eagerly.

"Why, a looking glass, you black coon," answered the planter contemptuously, amid a general roar of laughter.—New York Recorder.

A "Funny" Man's Joke.

A "funny" man went into the Lower Arcade the other morning and saw a notice posted up, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

He thought he would show how sly he was, so said to the proprietor, "I don't see what I want."

"Then ask for it," said the proprietor loudly, and the twinkle in his eye showed he knew what the festive traveler was up to, but that individual never supposed that a shopman would catch up with him, so he went on:

"Well, I've asked all over town for it, and I cannot find one."

"I have got everything a man can want," said the other encouragingly.

"Well, I have found so many smart men in London that I want to find a first class idiot."

"John," said the smiling merchant, turning to an assistant, "bring me a heavy piece of wrapping paper and wrap this parcel up," pointing to the funny man.

"All right, sir," replied John as he grabbed the paper and made a rush for the funny man. But he was gone.—London Figaro.

She Was Posted.

Agitated Young Bridegroom (immediately after the ceremony)—Serena, shall—shall—shall I—shall we—shall we kiss?

Self Possessed Bride (her third experience)—It is my usual custom, William. —Boston Globe.

THE HOLY OFFICE.

Functions of the Congregation of the Inquisition In the Eternal City.

There are two different tribunals at Rome to which is intrusted the judgment of books, pamphlets, articles and other writings referred to them as liable to a charge of endangering faith and morals. One of these is the congregation of the holy office or inquisition, and the other is the congregation of the index. The very name of the former of these will cause a thrill of horror in the minds of those whose knowledge of the inquisition is derived from the calumnies and exaggerations that have been heaped upon it by its enemies.

It is not my business to defend it in my present paper. I would only remind the reader that it is most unfair to impute to the Roman inquisition the cruelty and injustice of the Spanish tribunal, against which the popes again and again protested. The Spanish inquisition is now happily defunct, and the Roman congregation of the inquisition alone survives. It is a permanent committee chosen from the cardinalitian body and holds its meetings always within the precincts of the Holy City. It was instituted in the year 1542 by Paul III, by the constitution beginning with the words, "Licet ab inito," and had for its chief object to arrest the progress of the doctrines of Luther.

The congregation of the holy office, or inquisition, holds the first place among Roman congregations. Its members are some dozen cardinals, more or less, selected by the pope on account of their knowledge of theology and canon law and their skill and energy in the transaction of ecclesiastical business. It has jurisdiction over a field of greater importance than any other tribunal whatsoever, for it has intrusted to it the guardianship of the purity of faith and morals throughout the Christian world.

Alone of all the Roman courts it has for its official president the pope himself, although in point of fact his multitudinous duties rarely permit of his presence at its meetings, and his place is taken by one of the cardinals chosen by him, who has to report to the holy father the same evening all that takes place during its session.

Besides the cardinal who acts as president, there is a secretary, who is usually the senior cardinal present; a commissary, whose business it is to decide what questions shall be referred to the consultors for their opinion, and who is always a Dominican; a promotor fiscalis or public prosecutor, who conducts the case, and an advocatus reorum or counsel for the defendant, who seeks to clear the suspected writings of the charge of false doctrine.

In addition to the cardinals who compose the tribunal there is attached to it, as I have said, a number of consultors, and of these a certain number are selected, under the name of qualificators, for what is the most difficult and delicate part of the work intrusted to them. The consultors include the most celebrated of the Roman theologians, secular and regular.—Nineteenth Century.

Great Men at Chess.

William Steinitz, champion chess player of the world, has played the game of kings with some of the world's greatest men who were not professional players. He played more than one stout game lasting from early night into the next morning with Von Moltke, who in addition to being a great general was one of the best chess players in Europe, and who fought his chessmen as he did his army corps—always to win. He played with quite another sort of person when in Paris at the time of the fullness of the power of Napoleon III. He was honored once by having this gloomy, ambitious misanthrope for an antagonist, and says that the last French emperor might have made a respectable chess player but for his weakness in making rash and utterly unnecessary moves.

Once the champion met the Prince of Wales in a friendly game, but he says there was no honor in beating that good natured gentleman, for he played haphazard.

Herr Steinitz has played with Bismarck among others, but he does not consider the great German statesman a master of chess, as Von Moltke was. Bismarck never had, he says, that mastership of himself that is necessary in the game of chess. He could not contain himself when his antagonist would sit for half an hour studying out a series of moves. He would stride the floor, puff volumes of smoke, and at times seem about to sweep chessboard, chessmen and all away with heavy hand.

"He had no patience," said Mr. Steinitz, "and no man can master chess without patience." Mr. Steinitz ought to know.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

An Ancient Article Indeed.

"That must be an antique," remarked a visitor to a collector of bric-a-brac, who was exhibiting his chief treasure—a handsomely carved oak table.

"Indeed it is," replied the other proudly. "I believe it to be the finest and oldest specimen of furniture extant."

"It may be the finest, but not the oldest," remarked the other. "Why, I have an Arabic table at home which dates before the beginning of the Christian era. In fact it is known to be more than 2,000 years old."

"You surprise me," said the collector, not a little nettled by the remark. "I had no idea there were any tables as old as that. Is its history authentic? What is its character?"

"Oh, it's very simple," added the other. "It's the multiplication table. Its history is perfectly authentic, and as for its character, why, that is perplexing—at least to the small boys."—New York Herald.

Good Horse Sense.

Gummey—Skidmore has good horse sense.

Gargoyle—I suppose you mean he knows how to pick the winners at the races?

Gummey—No, I mean he never bets.—Detroit Free Press.

Vegetation and Climate.

The time was when Florida was an immense sand bar, stretching into the gulf of Mexico, and probably as barren as can be conceived. But in the semitropical climate under which it exists, in the course of ages the seeds carried to its shore by the sea and the winds, and the myriads of birds which find it a resting place have clothed it with luxuriant vegetation, interspersed with tracts of apparently barren [illegible].

Its main features illustrate the absurdity of the common notion that the landscapes of tropical and semitropical latitudes are superior in luxuriance of vegetable production to those of the temperate zones. The truth is that in the hot regions it is only where there is constant moisture that there is a strong and rank growth of plants. Generally aridity prevails, the hillsides are bereft of vegetation, and an air of parched up and suffering nature characterizes all that is seen.

It is only when we come north that our landscapes glow with universal vegetable profusion; that the forests stand out in bold relief on the hillsides; that the earth is carpeted with vernal green, and prodigality of vegetation reigns supreme. In the tropical landscape the abundance of flowers, which are supposed to be peculiar to warm climates, are exceptional phases.

They exist, but it is in the recesses of the swamp where the burning sun is checked in its effulgency. In these recesses, and favored by springs of water, we have in Florida the wildest effects. We have flowers and vines and strange leafings and gigantic trees as nowhere else to be seen; but they are always in hidden places. The open tropical landscape, we repeat, is arid and desolate.—Picturesque America.

Leopard Shooting.

The first time that I saw a wild leopard in the jungle might have been easily also the last time for my seeing any wild leopards. I was creeping along under the trees on the sloop of one of the little hills at Chittagong, just inside the tangled fringe of briers and grasses at the edge of the covert. I was stalking, or rather sneaking, after one of those beautiful pheasants which we used to call the mathoora (Euplocamus horsfieldi) and listening for its footfall on the dry leaves, for this pheasant rather disregards the precaution of moving silently.

Suddenly there was a slight noise of a broken twig on the projecting branch of a tree almost overhead, in front of me. A glance showed to me a leopard stretched out along the branch and gazing earnestly into the bushes below it.

The leopard was hunting the mathoora after his fashion, hoping to pounce on it from the tree. He was so intent on his work that he seemed not to have heard or smelled or seen me. In a moment I raised my gun and fired a charge of No. 5 shot into his head just behind the ear. The leopard fell dead almost at my feet, nearly all the shot having penetrated the brain. But if I had not been so lucky as to see the leopard and also to kill it, it might perhaps have jumped down on me and broken my neck, or in its dying struggles it might have bitten and mauled me. It was great luck for me, but bad luck for the leopard.

It was a very handsome young beast, apparently full grown, though leopards vary so much in size and length that it is not easy to say when one of them has reached maturity. This adventure happened many years ago. I still have the animal's skin, but it looks rather dingy and dirty now.—Longman's Magazine.

Novel Stage Effects.

Some new scientific stage effects were introduced into a recent performance of Wagner's "Die Walkure" at the Grand Opera House, Paris. The scene where the sons of Wotan, mounted on steeds and brandishing their lances, are seen in the clouds is described as very realistic. The foreground is wild and rocky, and the clouds are seen to scud across the sky. This effect is produced by projecting the image of a cloudy sky by an electric lantern on a curtain of translucent blue cloth.

The continuous movement of the clouds for half an hour is produced by painting them on the edge of the disk of glass 12 inches in diameter and rotating the edge past the lens of the lantern. Three lanterns are employed to blend the clouds. The wild cavalcade of Wotan's heroes is produced by a line of mechanical horses, full sized and carrying real performers. They are supported on a scaffold and drawn by means of a cable across the scene at a suitable elevation. The mounted men are strongly illuminated by the electric light, and thus rendered visible through the translucent curtain representing the heavens.

The scene terminates by a conflagration in which great flames run along the rocks, while thick fumes, reddened by Bengal fire, spread through the atmosphere. The flames are due to fulminating cotton placed in advance on the rocks and lit by the machinists. Lycopodium powder is also blown through holes in the stage. Weird cloud effects are produced by steam.—Exchange.

A Sad Awakening.

In one of Theodore Hook's stories the bridegroom, departing with his bride for their honeymoon, is disturbed by a continual tapping on the floor of the post chaise. It begins to bother him exceedingly. "What the deuce is that noise?" at last he mutters. "It is nothing, darling," answers the bride sweetly. "It is only my wooden leg." Only that, and nothing more. She had got accustomed to it from long use, but the information put him out exceedingly and caused a coolness which was permanent.—Argonaut.

The Duchess of Cleveland.

The aged Duchess of Cleveland, the mother of Lord Rosebery, who is one of the last, if not the last, of the surviving ladies who officiated as bridesmaids to the queen at her majesty's marriage over 53 years ago, is a lady of great activity of mind and body. She is just about to set out on a journey to South Africa.—London Queen.

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St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

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St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson sts.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 373 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

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GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment plans have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, in a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and

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